FRIENDSHIP IN FASHION. A COMEDY,

As it is Acted at his Royal Highneſs the

Dukes Theatre.

Written by

THOMAS OTWAY.

Archilochum Rabies armavit Iambo.

Licenced *May* 31. 1678. *Roger L'Eſtrange.*

LONDON,

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To the Right Honourable *CHARLES* Earl of DORSET and MIDDLESEX, Gentleman of his MAJESTIES Bed-Chamber, &c.

My Lord,

YOur Lordſhip has ſo often and ſo highly obliged me, that I cannot but condemn my ſelf for giving you a trouble ſo Impertinent, as this is: Conſidering how remiſs I have been in my reſpects to your Lordſhip, in that I have not waited on you ſo frequently as the duty I owe your Lordſhip and my own Inclinations required; But the Circumſtances of my Condition, whoſe daily buſineſs muſt be daily Bread, have not, nor will allow me that happineſs: Be pleaſed then my Lord to accept this humble dedication as an Inſtance of his Gratitude, who in a high meaſure owes his well-being to you. I cannot doubt but your Lordſhip will protect it, for nothing ever flew to you for ſuccor unſucceſsfully, I am ſure I have reaſon to acknowledge it. As for the unluckey cenſures ſome have paſt upon me for this

Play, I hope your Lordship will believe I hardly deserve 'em. For to my best remembrance, when first I was accused of the thing by some people of the World, who had perhaps as little reason to think I could be guilty of it, as to believe themselves deserved it, I made it my business to clear my self to your Lordship, whose good opinion is dearer to me then any thing which my worst Enemies can wrong me of else; I hope I convinc't your Lordship of my Innocence in the matter, which I would not have endeavoured, had it not been Just. For I thank my Stars I know my self better then (for all the Threats some have been pleased to bestow upon me) to tell a lie to save my Throat. Forgive me my Lord this trouble, continue me in your Lordships favour and good opinion, and accept of the Prayers and well-wishes of

Your most Humble, and

most Obliged Servant,

Thomas Otway.

THE PROLOGUE,

Spoken by Mr. *Smith.*

HOW hard a task hath that poor Drudg of Stage,
That ſtrives to pleaſe in this Fantaſtick Age?
It is a thing ſo difficult to hit,
That he's a Fool that thinks to do't by Wit;
Therefore our Author bad me plainly ſay,
You muſt not look for any in his Play.
I'th' next place, Ladies, there's no Bawdy in't,
No not ſo much as one well-meaning hint;
Nay more, 'twas written every word he ſays
On ſtricteſt Vigils and on Faſting Days,
When he his Fleſh to Pennance did enjoin,
Nay took ſuch care to work it chaſt and fine,
He Diſſiplin'd himſelf at every Line.
Then Gentlemen no Libel he intends,
Tho ſome have ſtrove to wrong him with his Friends;
And Poets have ſo very few of thoſe,
They'd need take care whoſe favour 'tis they loſe:
Who'd be a Poet? Parents all beware,
Cheriſh and Educate your Sons with care;
Breed 'em to wholſome Law, or give 'em Trades,
Let 'em not follow th' Muſes, they are Jades:
How many very hopeful riſing Citts
Have we of late known ſpoil'd by turning Wits?
Poets by Critiques are worſe treated here,
Then on the Bank-ſide Butchers do a Bear.
Faith Sirs be kind, ſince now his time is come,
When he muſt ſtand or fall as you ſhall doom:
Give him Bear-Garden Law, that's fair play for't,
And he's content for one, to make you ſport.

The

The Actors Names.

Goodvile.	Mr. *Betterton.*
Truman.	Mr. *Smith.*
Valentine.	Mr. *Harris.*
Sir *Noble Clumsey.*	Mr. *Underhill.*
Malagene.	Mr. *Leigh.*
Caper.	Mr. *Jevon.*
Saunter.	Mr. *Bowman.*

Women.

Mrs. *Goodvile.*	Mrs. *Barrey.*
Victoria.	Mrs. *Gibbs.*
Camillia.	Mrs. *Price.*
Lady *Squeamish.*	Mrs. *Guin.*
Lettice.	Mrs. *Seymour.*
Bridget.	Mrs. ——

FRIENDSHIP IN FASHION.

Act I. Scene, The Mall.

Truman reading a Billet, and Servant.

Trum. IN a Vizor say you?

Serv. Yes, Sir, and as soon as she had deliver'd it, without any thing more, gave the word to the Coachman, drew up the Tin Lettice and away she hurry'd.

Trum. The meaning of a Billet of this nature without a Name is a Riddle to me.—— [*Reads.*

You know me and see me often, I wish I may never see you more, except you knew better where to place your Love, or I were abler to govern mine: As you are a Gentleman, burn this so soon as it comes to your hands.—— Adieu.

Well, this can be no other then some Stanch Vertue of 35. that is just now fallen under the Temptation, or what is as bad, one of those Cautious Dealers that never venture but in Masquerade, where they are sure to be wondrous kind, tho' they discover no more to the Lover then he has just occasion to make use of.

Enter Goodvile *and* Valentine.

Val. Truman, Good morrow, just out of your Lodging? but that I know thee better, I should swear thou hadst resolv'd to spend this day in Humiliation and Repentance for the sins of the last.

Goodv. I beg your pardon! Some Lady has taken up your time. Thou canst no more rise in a Morning without a Wench, then thou canst go to Bed at Night without a Bottle. *Truman*, wilt thou never leave whoring?

Trum. Peace, Matrimony, peace—speak more reverently of your dearly beloved whoring. *Valentine*, he is the meer Spirit of Hypocrisie—— h'ad hardly been married Ten Days, but he left his Wife to go home from the Play alone in her Coach, whilst he debaucht me with two Vizors in a Hackney to Supper.

Val. Truly *Goodvile*, that was very civil, and may come to ſomething—— But Gentlemen it begins to grow late. Where ſhall we Dine?

Trum. Where you will, I am indifferent.

Goodv. And I.

Val. I had appointed to meet at *Chatolins*, but ——

Tru. With whom?

Val. Why, your Couſin *Malagene Goodvil.*

Goodv. Valentine, Thou art too much with that fellow. 'Tis true indeed he is ſome relation to me, but 'tis ſuch a lying Varlet, there is no induring of him.

Val. But Rogues and Fools are ſo very plenty 'tis hard always to eſcape 'em.

Trum. Beſides he dares be no more a Friend then a Foe, he never ſpoke well of any man behind his back, nor ill before his face: he is a general Diſperſer of nauſeous Scandall tho' it be of his own Mother or Siſter, prithee let's avoid him if we can to day.

Goovd. 'Twill be almoſt impoſſible, for he is as impudent as he is troubleſom; as there is no Company ſo ill but hee'l keep, ſo there is none ſo good but hee'l pretend to. If he has ever ſeen you once, hee'l be ſure of you: And if he knows where you are, he's no more to be kept out of your Room, then you can keep him out of your Debt.

Val. He came where I was laſt Night roaring drunk: ſwore Dam him, he had bin with my Lord ſuch a one, and had ſwallow'd three quarts of Champaigne for his ſhare, ſaid he had much ado to get away, but came then particularly to drink a Bottle with me: I was forc't to promiſe him I would meet him to day, to get rid of him.

Goodv. Faith Gentlemen, let us all go dine at my houſe: I have ſnubb'd him of late, and he'l hardly venture that way ſo ſoon again: At Night I'le promiſe you good Company, my Wife (for I allow her for my own ſake what freedom ſhe pleaſes) has ſent for the Fiddles to come.

Trum. Goodvile, If there be any ſuch thing as eaſe in Matrimony, thou haſt it: But methinks, there's as it were a Mark upon married men that makes 'em as diſtinguiſhable from one of us as your Jews are from the reſt of Mankind.

Goodv. Oh there are pleaſures you dream not of; he is onely confin'd by it that will be ſo: A man may make his Condition as eaſie as he pleaſes.——Mine is ſuch a fond wanton Ape, I never come home, but ſhe entertains me with freſh kindneſs: and *Jack* when I have been hunting for Game with you, and miſs'd of an Opportunity, ſteps a Gap well enough.

Trum. There's no Condition ſo wretched but has its reſerve: Your Spaniel turn'd out of doors goes contentedly to his Kennel. Your Begger when he can get no better lodging, knows his old warm Buſh; and your married Whore-maſter that miſſes of his Wench, goes honeſtly home, and there's Madam Wife.——But *Goodvile*, who are to be the Company at Night?

Goodv.

Goodv. In the firſt place, my Couſin *Victoria* your Idol, *Jack Truman*; then Mr. *Valentine*, there will be the charming *Camilla*, and another that never fails upon ſuch an occaſion, the unimitable Lady *Squeamiſh*.

Trum. That indeed is a worthy perſon, a great Critick forſooth; one that cenſures Plays, and takes it very ill ſhe has none dedicated to her yet, a conſtant frequenter of all Maſquerades and publick Meetings, a perfect Coquet, very affected, and ſomething old.

Val. Diſcourſes readily of all the Love Intrigues of the Court and Town, a ſtrange Admirer of Accompliſhments and good breeding as ſhe calls it; a reſtleſs Dancer: one that by her good will would never be out of motion.

Trum. How *Valentine!* you were once a great Admirer there, have a care, how you ſpeak too harſhly of your Miſtreſs, though the buſineſs be over. You ſtand well with the Ladies yet, and are held a man of principles.

Goodv. That indeed is a fine Creature. Your old harraſs'd Stager has always ſome ſuch reſty Whore-maſter or another, whom ſhe makes the beſt of her deſpair withall, and after being forſaken by half the Town beſides, comforts her ſelf in her man of principles. But now I think on't, we delay too long. I'le go before and prepare: Gentlemen you'l be ſure to follow?

Trum. Sir, wee'l not fail to wait on you. [*Exit* Goodvile.

Boy! is the Coach ready? *Valentine!* I have had the oddeſt adventure this Morning——ha——*Malagene!*

Enter Malagene.

How came he hither?

Mal. *Jack Truman*, Monſieur *Valentine*, *bon jour* ——was not that *Goodvile* I met coming in——hah?

Val. Yes, he parted hence but now.

Mal. Faith I'le tell ye what Gentlemen, *Goodvile*'s a very honeſt Fellow as can be, but he and I are fallen out of late, though faith 'twas none of my ſeeking.

Trum. No, I'le be ſworn for thee, thou lov'ſt thy ſelf better.

Val. Pray, what was the matter *Malagene?*

Mal. Why I was adviſing him to look after things better at home. The Fellow has married a young Wife, and there he lets her make Balls and give Entertainments. I was very free with him and told him of it to the purpoſe: for faith I ſhould be ſorry to ſee any ill come on't, very ſorry.

Trum. But hark ye *Malagene*, *Goodvile*'s a ſort of a ſurly Companion, and apt to have ſo good an Opinion of himſelf, that he is able to manage Affairs without your advice: He might have been very ſevere with you upon this occaſion.

Malag. Severe with me! I thank you for that with all my heart, That had been the way to have made a fine piece of work on't indeed!

Hark ye, (under the Roſe) he's ſweetly fitted with my Couſin though.

Val. Pray, Sir, ſpeak with more reſpect: We are his friends, and not prepar'd to reliſh any of your Satyr at preſent.

Malag. O Lord Sir! I beg your pardon, you are a new acquaintance there, I remember, and may deſign an Intereſt. Faith *Ned*, if thou doſt, I'le ne'r be thy hindrance, for all ſhe's my Kinſwoman.

Trum. The Raſcal if he had an opportunity would pimp for his Siſter, though but for the bare pleaſure of telling it himſelf.

Malag. Now when he comes home, will ſhe be hanging about his neck, with, O Lord, Dear! where have you been this Morning? I can't abide you ſhould go abroad ſo ſoon, that I can't: You are never well but when you are with that wicked lewd *Truman*, and his debaucht Companion young *Valentine*: But that I know you are a good Dear, I ſhould be apt to be jealous of you, that I ſhould, ha, ha.

Trum. Sir, you are very bold with our Characters, methinks.

Malag. I, ſhaw! your Servant: Sure we that know one another may be free: You may ſay as much of me if you pleaſe. But no matter for that, did you hear nothing of my Buſineſs laſt Night?——hah?

Trum. Not a word I aſſure you, Sir. Pray how was it? Prithee let him alone a little, *Valentine*.

Malag. Why, coming out of *Chatolins* laſt Night, (where it had coſt me a Guinney-Club, with a Right Honourable or two of this Kingdom, which ſhall be nameleſs) juſt as I was getting into a Coach, who ſhould come by but a Bluſtering Fellow with a woman in his hand, and ſwore, Dam him, the Coach was for him: we had ſome words, and he drew; with that I put by his paſs, clos'd with him, and threw up his Heels, took away *Toledo*, gave him 2 or 3 good Cuts over the Face, ſeiz'd upon *Damozel*, carried her away with me to my Chamber, manag'd her all Night, and juſt now ſent her off.——Faith, amongſt friends ſhe was a perſon of quality, I'le tell you that.

Trum. What! a perſon of quality at that time o'th' Night, and on foot too?

Malag. Ay, and one that you both know very well, but take no notice on't.

Val. Oh, Sir, you may be ſure we ſhall be very cautious of ſpreading any Secrets of yours of this nature.——Lying Rakehel, the higheſt he ever arriv'd at was a Bawd, and ſhe too baniſht him at laſt, becauſe he boaſted of her Favours.

Malag. Nay, not that I care very much neither, you may tell it if you will; for I think it was no more then any one wou'd have done upon the ſame occaſion—ha.——

Trum. Doubtleſs, Sir, you were much in the right: but, *Valentine*, we ſhall ſtay too long: 'tis time we were going.

Malag. What, to Dinner? I'le make a third man——where ſhall it be?

Trum. Sir, I am ſorry, we muſt beg your excuſe this time, for we are both engag'd.

Malag.

Malag. Whoo! prithee, that's all one, I am ſure I know the Company; I'le go along at a venture.

Val. No, but *Malagene!* to make ſhort of the Buſineſs, we are going into Company that are not very good Friends of yours, and will be very uneaſie if you be there.

Malag. What's that to the purpoſe?——— I care as little for them as they do for me, tho' on my word, Sparks! of honeſt Fellows, you keep the oddeſt Company ſometimes that ever I knew!

Trum. But, Sir, we are reſolv'd to reform it, and in order thereunto deſire you would leave us to our ſelves to day.

Malag. No——but I'le tell you, go along with me, I have diſcover'd a Treaſure of pale Wine——I'le aſſure you 'tis the ſame the King drinks of—— What ſay you, *Jack?* I am but for one Bottle or two, for faith I have reſolv'd to live ſober for a week.

Trum. Prithee, Tormentor, leave us! do not I know the Wine thou drink'ſt is as baſe as the Company thou keep'ſt? To be plain with you, we will not go with you, nor muſt you go with us.

Malag. Why, if one ſhould ask the queſtion now, whither are you going? hah?

Val. How comes it, *Malagene*, you are not with your two Friends, *Caper* and *Saunter?*——— you may be ſure of them; they'l eat and drink, and go all over the World with you.

Malag. How canſt thou think that I would keep ſuch loathſom Company? a brace of ſilly talking, dancing, ſinging Raſcals: 'Tis true, I contracted an acquaintance with 'em, I know not how; and now and then when I am out of humour, love to laugh at and abuſe 'em for an hour or two——but come what will on't, I am reſolv'd to go along with you to Day.

Trum. Upon my word, Sir, you cannot—Why ſhould you make ſo many difficulties with your friends?

Malag. Whoo! prithee leave fooling.——— You would ſhake me off now, would you? But I know better things.—The Sham won't paſs upon me, Sir, it won't, look you.

Trum. Death, we muſt uſe him ill, or there is no getting rid of him, not paſs, Sir?

Mal. No, Sir!

Trum. Pray, Sir, leave us.

Mal. I ſhan't do't, Sir.

Trum. But you muſt, Sir.

Mal. May be not Sir.

Trum. I am going this way. [*Walking off.*

Mal. So am I.

Trum. But, Sir, I muſt ſtay here a little longer.

Malag. With all my heart! tis the ſame thing, I am not in haſt.

Val. Have a care, *Malagene*, how you provoke *Truman*——you'l run the hazard of a ſcurvy beating, my friend, if you do.

Malag.

Malag. Beating! I am ſorry, Sir, you know no better: pox, I am us'd to ſerve him ſo, man; let me alone, you ſhall ſee how I'le teaze him. Hark you *Jack*,

Trum. Sir, you are an impudent troubleſom Coxcomb.

Malag. No matter for that, I ſhan't leave you.

Trum. Sir, I ſhall pull you by the Noſe then.

Malag. Tis all one to me, do your worſt.

Trum. Take that then, Sir.—Now d'ye hear——— [*Tweaks him by the Noſe.*
Go about your buſineſs.

Malag. Nay, Faith, *Jack*, now you drive the Jeſt too far: what a Pox I know you are not in earneſt, prithee let's go.

Trum. Death, Sir, you lye, not in earneſt!——let this convince you—— [*Kicks him.*

How like you the Jeſt now, Sir?

Malag. Hark you *Truman*, We ſhan't Dine together then, ſhall we?

Val. Faith, to tell you the truth of the matter; *Truman* had a quarrel laſt Night, and we are juſt now going to make an end on't: 'tis that makes him ſo ſurly. Nevertheleſs, now I think on't better, if you'l go, ye[illegible] perhaps we may have occaſion for a third man.

Malag. No, no, if that be the buſineſs I'le ſay no more, I hate to preſs into any mans Company againſt his *Truman!* Upon my Reputation, you are very uncivil now. But hark you, I ran to the Groom-Porters laſt Night Money———Prithee lend me two Guinneys till next t[illegible] Child.

Trum. With all my heart, Sir, I was ſure 'twould at laſt: 'Tis here, you may command what you pleaſe fro[illegible] vant. *Malagene*, Good morrow.

Enter Caper *and* Saunter.

Malag. Dear *Jack Truman*, your humble——— [*Exit* Truman.

Val. Won't you go along with us then *Malagene*?

Malag. No, here are two ſilly Fellows coming, I'le go and divert my ſelf a little with them at preſent.

Val. Why, thoſe are the very people you rail'd at ſo but now: you will not leave us for them? at a time when you may be ſo ſerviceable?

Malag. Hang't, you'l have no occaſion for me man: Say no more on't, but take my advice, be ſure you ſtand faſt, Don't give ground, d'ye hear, puſh briskly, and I'le warrant you do your buſineſs.

Val. Sir, I thank you for your counſel, and am ſorry we can't have your company but; you are ingag'd?

Malag. Are you ſure though it will come to fighting? I have no mind to leave your company methinks.

Val. Nay, nothing ſo certain as that we ſhall fight: I wiſh you would go, for I fancy there will be three in the Field.

Malag.

Malag. A pox on't, now I remember, I promis'd to meet these people here, and can't avoid 'em now, I'de go with you else with all my heart Faith and Troth, but if you'd have me send a Guard, I'le do't.

Val. No, Sir,—there's no danger——Nothing but the Rogues cowardize could have rid us of him. [*Exit* Valentine.

Malag. How now Bullies, whither so fast this Morning? I parted just now with *Jack Truman* and *Ned Valentine*: They would fain have had me to Dinner with 'em, but I was not in a humour of drinking, and to speak the truth on't, you are better Company ten to one. They ingross still all the discourse to themselves: and a man can never be free with them neither.

Cap. Oh Lord, *Malagene!* we met the Delicat'st Creature but now as we came round, I am a Rascal, if I don't think her one of the finest Women in the world: I shan't get her out of my mind this Month.

Saunt. 'Twas *Victoria*, my Lady *Fairfields* Daughter that came to Town last Summer when *Goodvile* was marri'd. He in love with her, poor Soul! ——I shall beg his pardon there as I take it—— [*Sings.*

Malag. That's *Truman*'s blowing: she's always lingring after him here and at the Play-house: She heats herself here every Morning against the general Course at Night, where she comes as constantly as my Lady *Squeamish* her self.

Saunt. I vow that's a fine person too, don't you think she has abundance of wit, *Malagene?* She and I did so rally *Caper* t'other day.

Cap. Ay, it may be so.

Saunt. But did you never hear her sing? She made me sit with her till Two a Clock t'other Morning to teach her an *Italian* Song. I have, and I vow she sings it wonderfully.

Malag. Dam her, she's the most affected amorous Jilt, and loves young Fellows more then an old Kite does young Chicken: There is not a Coxcomb of eighteen in Town can escape her, we shall have her draw one of you into Matrimony within this Fortnight.

Cap. Malagene, Thou art the most Satyrical Thief breathing: I'd give any thing thou didst but love dancing, that I might have thee on my side sometimes.

Saunt. Well *Malagene*, I hope to see thee so in love one day, as to leave off drinking as I have done, and set up for a Shape and a Face: Or what is all one, write amorous Sonnets, and fight Duels with all that do but look like Rivals. I would not be in love for all the world, I vow and swear. [*Walks up and down with an affected motion.*

Cap. Nor I.

——*Ah Phyllis, if you wou'd not love*
The Shepherd, &c. [Sings.

But d'ye hear, *Malagene*, They say *Goodvile* gives a Ball to Night, is it true?

Malag.

Malag. Beating! I am ſorry, Sir, you know no better: pox, I am us'd to ſerve him ſo, man; let me alone, you ſhall ſee how I'le teaze him. Hark you *Jack*,

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Val. Faith, to tell you the truth of the matter; *Truman* had a quarrel laſt Night, and we are juſt now going to make an end on't: 'tis that makes him ſo ſurly. Nevertheleſs, now I think on't better, if you'l go, you ſhall, perhaps we may have occaſion for a third man.

Malag. No, no, if that be the buſineſs I'le ſay no more, puh ——— I hate to preſs into any mans Company againſt his Inclination. *Truman!* Upon my Reputation, you are very uncivil now, that you are. But hark you, I ran to the Groom-Porters laſt Night and loſt my Money———Prithee lend me two Guinneys till next time I ſee thee, Child.

Trum. With all my heart, Sir, I was ſure 'twould come to this at laſt: 'Tis here, you may command what you pleaſe from your Servant. *Malagene*, Good morrow.

Enter Caper *and* Saunter.

Malag. Dear *Jack Truman*, your humble——— [*Exit* Truman.

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Malag. A pox on't, now I remember, I promis'd to meet theſe people here, and can't avoid 'em now, I'de go with you elſe with all my heart Faith and Troth, but if you'd have me ſend a Guard, I'le do't.

Val. No, Sir,—there's no danger——Nothing but the Rogues cowardize could have rid us of him. [*Exit* Valentine.

Malag. How now Bullies, whither ſo faſt this Morning? I parted juſt now with *Jack Truman* and *Ned Valentine*: They would fain have had me to Dinner with 'em, but I was not in a humour of drinking, and to ſpeak the truth on't, you are better Company ten to one. They ingroſs ſtill all the diſcourſe to themſelves: and a man can never be free with them neither.

Cap. Oh Lord, *Malagene!* we met the Delicat'ſt Creature but now as we came round, I am a Raſcal, if I don't think her one of the fineſt Women in the world: I ſhan't get her out of my mind this Month.

Saunt. 'Twas *Victoria*, my Lady *Fairfields* Daughter that came to Town laſt Summer when *Goodvile* was marri'd. He in love with her, poor Soul!——I ſhall beg his pardon there as I take it—— [*Sings.*

Malag. That's *Truman*'s blowing; ſhe's always lingring after him here and at the Play-houſe: She heats herſelf here every Morning againſt the general Courſe at Night, where ſhe comes as conſtantly as my Lady *Squeatwife* her ſelf.

Saunt. I vow that's a fine perſon too, don't you think ſhe has abundance of wit, *Malagene?* She and I did ſo rally *Caper* t'other day.

Cap. Ay, it may be ſo.

Saunt. But did you never hear her ſing? She made me ſit with her till Two a Clock t'other Morning to teach her an *Italian* Song, I have, and I vow ſhe ſings it wonderfully.

Malag. Dam her, ſhe's the moſt affected amorous Jilt, and loves young Fellows more then an old Kite does young Chicken: There is not a Coxcomb of eighteen in Town can eſcape her, we ſhall have her draw one of you into Matrimony within this Fortnight.

Cap. Malagene, Thou art the moſt Satyrical Thief breathing: I'd give any thing thou didſt but love dancing, that I might have thee on my ſide ſometimes.

Saunt. Well *Malagene*, I hope to ſee thee ſo in love one day, as to leave off drinking as I have done, and ſet up for a Shape and a Face: Or what is all one, write amorous Sonnets, and fight Duels with all that do but look like Rivals. I would not [*Walks up and down with an affected motion.*

Cap. Nor I,

——*As Phyllis, if you won'd not love*
The Shepherd, &c. [*Sings.*

But d'ye hear, *Malagene*, They ſay *Goodvile* gives a Ball to Night, is it true?

Malag.

Malag. Yes, I intend to be there, if I do not go to Court.

Cap. I am glad of it with all my heart ——*Saunter* — There's my Lady, to be ſure, ſhe'l not fail.

Saunt. But will you go, *Malagene? Goodvile* and you are at a diſtance.

Malag. Whoo! pox that's nothing, I'le go for all that. But faith, I ſhou'd meet my Lord———at Court to Night: beſides, I han't been in the Drawing Room theſe three days; the Company will wonder what's become of me.

Enter Lady Squeamiſh.

She here! Nay then———

Cap. Madam, your Ladiſhips moſt humble Servant.

[*Congees affectedly.*

L. Squ. Mr. *Caper!* your moſt Devoted.———Oh dear Mr. *Saunter!* a thouſand thanks to you for my Song.

Saunt. Your Ladiſhip does your Servant too much honour.

[Sings, *As* Cloe *full of*, &c.

L. Sq. Mr. *Caper*, you are a ſtranger indeed, I have not ſeen you this two days: Lord, where d'ye live?

Cap. I ſhould have waited on your Ladiſhip, but was ſo tired at the Maſquerade at my Lord *Flutters* t'other Night. [*Dances and capers.*

Saunt. Madam, Madam, Mr. *Goodvile* gives a Ball to Night: Will your Ladiſhip be there?

L. Sq. Yes; I heard of it this Morning, *Victoria* ſent me word.

Cap. Oh, Madam, d'ye hear the News? *Goodvile* makes a Ball to Night: I hope I ſhall have the honour of your Ladiſhips company.

L. Sq. Oh, by all means: Mr. *Caper*, pray don't you fail us. Oh Lord, Mr. *Malagene*, I beg your pardon, upon my honour I did not ſee you, I was ſo engaged in the Civilities of theſe Gentlemen.

Malag. Your Wit and Beauty, Madam, muſt command the Honour and Admiration of all the World. But when did your Ladiſhip ſee Mr. *Valentine?*

L. *Sq.* Oh, name him not, Mr. *Malagene*, he's the unworthi'ſt baſeſt Fellow——— beſides he has no principles nor breeding: I wonder you Gentlemen will keep him company. I'le ſwear he's enough to bring an Odium on the whole Sex.

Malag. The truth on't is, Madam, I do ſee him now and then, becauſe the Fellow has ſome wit, but it is ſeldom when better Company is out of the way; and faith he's always very civil to me as can be: I can rule him.

L. *Squem.* Oh Lord, 'tis impoſſible. Wit! Why he was abroad but two years, and all that time too in an Academy, he knows nothing of the Intrigues of the *French* Court, and has the worſt mien in the world: he has a ſort of an ill-natur'd way of talking indeed, and they ſay makes bold with me ſometimes, but I'le aſſure you I ſcorn him.

Malag.

Malag. Truly he has made very bold with you, or he is ſoully bely'd; ha, ha, ha.

L. *Sq.* They ſay, he's grown a great Admirer of Madam *Camilla* of late, who paſſes for a Wit forſooth. 'Tis true, ſhe's well enough, but I ſuppoſe is not the firſt that has been troubled with his impertinent Addreſſes.

Mal. Indeed he would not let me alone, till I brought him acquainted there: he owes that happineſs to me. But methinks your Ladiſhip ſpeaks with ſomething of heat——By Heav'n ſhe's jealous!

L. *Sq.* No, I aſſure you, Sir, I am not concern'd at it in the leaſt. But did you ever hear 'em diſcourſe any thing of me?

Mal. Never any ill, Madam, onely a little idle Raillery now and then; but *Truman* and he are wont to be ſomething laviſh when they have been drunk in my company.——'Twill work.

L. *Sq.* Nay, I know he has ſpoken diſhonourably of me behind my back, becauſe he fail'd in his filthy deſigns. Madam *Camilla* may deſerve better of him, I doubt not: but if I am not reveng'd on his falſhood——[*Aſide*] *Mr.* Caper.

Cap. } Madam.
Saunt. }

L. *Sq.* Where do you go to day?

Cap. Will your Ladiſhip be at the new Play?

L. *Sq.* No, I ſaw it the firſt day, and don't like it.

Mal. Madam, it has no ill Character about the Town.

L. *Sq.* O Lord, Sir, the Town is no Judge. 'Tis a Tragedy, and I'le aſſure you there's nothing in it that's moving.
I love a Tragedy that moves mightily.

Saunt. Does your Ladiſhip know who writ it?

L. *Sq.* Yes, the Poet came and read it to me at my Lodgings: He is but a young man, and I ſuppoſe he has not been a Writer long: beſides, he has had little or no converſation with the Court, which has been the reaſon he has committed a great many Indecorums in the conduct of it.

Saunt. I did not like it neither for my part; There was never a Song in it, ha?

Cap. No, nor ſo much as a Dance.

Mal. Oh, it's impoſſible it ſhould take if there were neither Song nor Dance in it.

L. *Sq.* And then their Comedies now a days are the filthieſt things, full of Bawdy and nauſeous doings which they miſtake for raillery and intrigue; beſides they have no wit in 'em neither, for all their Gentlemen and men of wit, as they ſtyle 'em, are either ſilly conceited impudent Coxcombs, or elſe rude ill-mannerly drunken Fellows——fogh——I am aſham'd any one ſhould pretend to write a Comedy, that does not know the nicer rules of the Court, and all the Intrigues and Gallantries that paſs, I vow.

Mal. Who would improve in thoſe things, muſt conſult with your Ladiſhip.

L. *Sq.* I ſwear, Mr. *Malagene*, you are an obliging perſon: I wonder the world ſhould be ſo malicious to give you ſo undeſerving a Character as they do: I always found you extremely generous and a perſon of worth.

Mal. In troth, Madam, your Ladiſhip and my ſelf are the ſubjects of abundance of envy: for I love to be malicious now and then, and faith, am the very ſcourge of the Court, they all ſtand in awe of me, for I muſt ſpeak what I know, tho' ſometimes I am uſed a little ſcurvily for it; but faith I can't help it, 'tis my way.

L. *Sq.* Ha, ha, ha, really I love ſcandal extremely too ſometimes, ſo it be decently manag'd—— But as I was ſaying, there is not a perſon in the world underſtands the Intrigues of the Court better than my ſelf: I am the general Confident of the Drawing Room, and know the loves of all the people of quality in Town.

Cap. Dear Madam, how ſtands the Affair between my Lord *Supple* and Madam *Lofty?*

L. *Sq.* Worſe then ever: 'Tis very provoking to ſee how ſhe uſes the poor Creature: but the truth is, ſhe can never be at reſt for him; he's more troubleſom then an old Husband, continually whiſpering his ſoftneſſes and making his vowes, till at laſt ſhe is forc'd to fly to me for ſhelter, and then we do ſo laugh——which the good natur'd Creature takes ſo patiently——I ſwear, I pity him.

Saunt. But my Lady *Colt* they ſay is kinder to the Sparkiſh Mr. *Pruneit.*

L. *Sqn.* Oh Lord, Mr. *Saunter*, that you ſhould underſtand no better; to my knowledge it is all falſe: I know all that Intrigue from the beginning to the ending, it has been off this Month——beſides he keeps a Player again——Oh, Mr. *Saunter!* whatever you do, never concern your ſelf with thoſe Players.

Saunt. Madam, I have left the folly long ſince: When firſt I came to Town, I muſt confeſs I had a Gallantry there: but ſince I have been acquainted with your Ladiſhips Wit and Beauty, I have learnt to lay out my heart to better advantage——I think that was finely ſaid!

L. *Sq.* I'le ſwear, Mr. *Saunter*, you have the moſt Court-like way of expreſſing your ſelf——

Saunt. Oh Lord, Madam! [*Bows and cringes.*

L. *Sq.* Mr. *Malagene*, theſe are both my intimate acquaintance, and I'le ſwear, I am proud of 'em. Here is Mr. *Saunter* ſings the *French* manner better then ever I heard any *Engliſh* Gentleman in my life: beſides he pronounces his *Engliſh* in ſinging with a *French* kind of a Tone or Accent, that gives it a ſtrange beauty——Sweet Sir, do me the favour of the laſt new Song.

Saunt. Let me die! your Ladiſhip obliges me beyond expreſſion——*Malagene*, thou ſhalt hear me.

[*Sings a Song in a French Tone.*

Mala. What a Devil was this, I underſtand not a word on't.

Saunt.

Saunt. Ha, *Malagene*, ha?

L. *Squ.* Did you ever hear any thing ſo fine?

Malag. Never, Madam, never: I ſwear, your Ladiſhip is a great Judge.

L. *Squ.* but how plain and diſtinctly too every word was pronounc'd?

Mal. Oh, to admiration, to admiration.

[*Makes mouths aſide.*

L. *Squ.* Well, Mr. *Saunter*, you are a charming Creature——Oh ſad, Mr. *Caper*, I long till Night comes: I'le dance with no body but you to Night, for I ſwear I believe I ſhall be out of humour.

Malag. That's more then ſhe ever was in her life, ſo long as ſhe had a Fool or a Fiddle in her company.

L. *Squ.* Tho' really I love Dancing immoderately.——But now you talk of Intrigues, I am miſtaken if you don't ſee ſomething where we are going to Night.

Malag. What, *Goodvile* is to commence Cuckold, is it not ſo?

L. *Squ.* Oh, fie, Mr. *Malagene*, fie: I vow you'l make me hate you, if you talk ſo ſtrangely:—but let me die, I can't but laugh—ha, ha, ha.—Well, Gentlemen, you ſhall Dine with me to day——What ſay you Mr. *Malagene*, will you go?

Malag. Your Ladiſhip may be ſure of me, I hate to break good Company.

L. *Sq.* And pray now let us be very ſevere and talk malicioufly of all the Town. Mr. *Caper* your hand: Oh, dear Mr. *Saunter*, how ſhall I divide my ſelf——I'le ſwear, I am ſtrangely at a loſs——Mr. *Malagene*, you muſt be Mr. *Saunters* Miſtriſs I think at preſent.

Malag. With all my heart, Madam,——Sweet Mr. *Saunter*, your hand: I ſwear, you are a charming Creature, and your Courtſhip is as extraordinary as your Voice.——Let me die, and I vow I muſt have t'other Song after Dinner, for I am very humourſom and very whimſical I think: ha, ha, ha.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

End firſt Act.

THE SECOND ACT.

SCENE, *The Ordinary.*

Enter Mrs. *Goodvile* and *Lettice.*

Mrs. *Goodv.* DId you deliver the Billet?

Lettic. Yes, Madam, faithfully.

Mrs. *Goodv.* But are you ſure you did?

Lettice. Can your Ladiſhip think I would be guilty of the leaſt neglect in a Concern of ſuch moment.

Mrs. *Goodv.* And are you ſure he Dines here to day?

Lettic. Madam, they are now at Dinner below: Mr. *Valentine*'s there too. Oh, I'le ſwear he's a fine man, the moſt courteous perſon!

Mrs. *Goodv.* What, becauſe he hunts and kiſſes you when he's drunk? No, *Lettice*, *Truman*, *Truman*, Oh that *Truman!*

Lettice. I wonder your Ladiſhip ſhould be ſo taken with him: were I to chooſe, I ſhould think my Maſter the more agreeable man.

Mrs. *Goodv.* And you may take him if you will; he is as much a Huſband as one would wiſh: I have not ſeen him this Fortnight; he never comes home till Four in the Morning, and then he ſneaks to his ſeparate Bed, where he lies till Afternoon, then riſes and out again upon his Parole: fleſh and bloud can't endure it.

Lettice. But he always viſits your Ladiſhip firſt.

Mrs. *Goodv.* That's his Policy, as great Debtors are always very reſpectfull and acknowledging where they never mean to pay. 'Tis true, he gives me what freedom I can deſire, but God knows that's all.

Lettice. And where's the pleaſure of going abroad and getting a ſtomach, to return and ſtarve at home?

Mrs. *Goodv.* I laugh though to think what an eaſie fool he believes me; he thinks me the moſt contented, innocent, harmleſs Turtle breathing, the very pattern of patience.

Lettice. A Jewel of a Wife.

Mrs *Goodv.* And as blind with love as his own good opinion of himſelf has made him.

Lettice. And can you find in your heart to wrong ſo good a natur'd compleat well-meaning harmleſs Husband, that has ſo good an opinion of you?

Mrs. *Goodv.* Ha, wrong him! what you ſay, *Lettice?* I wrong my Huſband! ſuch another word forfeits my good opinion of thee for ever.

Lettice. What meant the Billet to Mr. *Truman* then this Morning?

Mrs. *Goodv.* To make him my friend perhaps, and diſcover if I can who it

it is that wrongs me in my Husbands affection: for I am ſure I have a Rival. And I am apt to believe *Victoria* deſerves no better then ordinary of me, if the truth were known.

Lettice. Why, ſhe is his near Kinſwoman and lives here in the houſe with you. beſides he would never diſhonour his own Family ſurely.

Mrs. *Goodv.* You are a Fool, *Lettice*, the nearneſs of bloud is the leaſt thing conſidered. Beſides, as I have heard, 'tis almoſt the onely way Relations care to be kind to one another now a days.

Lett. Yet, Madam, you never meet, but you are as kind and fond of him, as if you had all the joyes of love about you. Lord! How can you diſſemble with him ſo? Beſides, Mr. *Truman*, Madam, you know is his Friend.

Mr. *Goodv.* Oh, if I would ever conſent to wrong my Husband (which Heav'n forbid, *Lettice!*) it ſhould be, to chooſe, with his Friend. For ſuch a one has a double Obligation to ſecrecy, as well for his own Honour as mine. But I'le ſwear, *Lettice*, you are an idle Girl for talking ſo much of this, that you are: 'Tis enough to put ill thoughts into ones head, which I am the moſt averſe to of all things in the world.

Lett. But, Madam, Thoughts are free, and it is as hard not to think a little idly ſometimes, as it is to be always in good humour. But it would make any one laugh, to think Mr. *Truman* ſhould be in love with Madam *Victoria*, if all be reall which your Ladiſhip ſuſpects.

Mrs. *Goodv.* Ay, and with a deſign of Marriage too: but a ranging Gallant thinks he fathoms all, and counts it as much beneath his experience to doubt his ſecurity in a Wife, as ſucceſs in a Miſtreſs.

Lett. Beſides, after a little time, he is ſo very induſtrious in Cuckolding others, that he never dreams how ſwimmingly his own Affairs are manag'd at home.

Enter Victoria.

Mrs. *Goodv.* But huſh—ſhe's here.

Victo. A happy Day to you, Madam.

Mrs. *Goodv.* Dear Couſin, your humble Servant: have you heard who are below?

Victo. Yes, young *Truman* and his inſeparable Companion *Valentine*.

Mrs. *Goodv.* Well, what will you do Couſin, *Truman* comes reſolv'd on Conqueſt; for with the Advantages he has in your Heart already, 'tis impoſſible you ſhould be able to hold out againſt him.

Vict. Yes, powerfull Champaign as they call it may do much, a ſpark can no more refrain running into love after a Bottle, then a drunken Country Vicar can avoid diſputing of Religion when his Patron's Ale grows ſtronger then his Reaſon.

Mrs. *Goodv.* Come, come, diſſemble your Inclinations as artfully as you pleaſe, I am ſure they are not ſo indifferent, but they may be eaſily diſcerned.

Victo.

Vict. Truly, Madam, you may be miſtaken in your gueſs.

Mrs. *Goodv.* How! I doubt it is ſome other man then has cauſed this alteration in you.—Lord, *Lettice*, is ſhe not extremely alter'd?

Vict. Alter'd, Madam, what do you mean?

Mrs. *Goodv.* Nay, *Lettice*, fetch a Glaſs and let her ſee her ſelf; Lord, you are paler then you uſe to be.

Lett. Ay, and then that blewneſs under the eyes.

Mrs. *Goodv.* Beſides, you are not ſo lively as I have known you: pardon me Couſin.

Lett. Well, if there be a fault, Marriage will cure all.

Victor. I'le aſſure you, I have none that I know off ſtands in need of ſo deſperate a remedy. Marriage! fault! What can all this tend to?

Enter Page.

Mrs. *Goodv.* Well, what now?

Page. Madam, *Camilla* is coming to wait upon your Ladiſhip.

Mrs. *Goodv.* Ha, *Camilla!* Tell her I'le attend her: Won't you go with me *Victoria?*

Vict. I'le but ſtep into my Chamber, and follow you inſtantly.

[*Ex. Mrs.* Good. *and* Page.

Whither can all this drive? Surely ſhe has diſcovered ſomething of *Goodvile's* love and mine: if ſhe has, I am ruin'd.

Enter Goodvile.

Goodv. Victoria! your Couſin is not here, is ſhe? What, in Clouds? I ſtole this Minute from my friends on purpoſe to ſee thee, and muſt not I have a look? not a word?

Vict. Oh, I am ruin'd and loſt for ever. I fear your Wife has had ſome knowledge of our Loves: And if it be ſo, what will then become of me?

Goodv. Prithee, no more: my Wife! ſhe has too good an opinion of her ſelf, to have any ill one of me; and would as ſoon believe her Glaſs could flatter her, as I be falſe to her: my Wife! —ha, ha.

Vict. Yes, I am ſure it muſt be ſo; it can be no otherwiſe: But you are ſatisfi'd, and now have nothing more to do, but to leave me to be miſerable.

Goodv. Leave thee! By Heav'n I'de ſooner renounce my Family, and own my ſelf the Baſtard of a Raſcal: Come, quiet thy doubts, *Truman* is here, and take my Love for thy Security, he ſhall be thine to Night.

Vict. I have great reaſon to expect it indeed, that you would hazard your Intereſt in ſo good a Friend for the reparation of my Honour, that ſo little concerns you, and which you have already made your beſt of.

Goodv. No more of that, Love's my Province; and thine is too dear

dear to me to be neglected. 'Tis true, I have made him my Friend, and I hope he will deſerve it, by doing thee that juſtice which I am incapable of.

Vitto. You can promiſe eaſily.

Goodv. Ay, and as reſolutely perform: when I have heated him with Wine, prepare to receive him.

Enter Mrs. Goodvile.

Ha, ſhe here!

Mrs. *Goodvile.* So, ſo, Mr. *Goodvile*, are you there indeed? I thought I ſhould catch you.

Goodv. Faith, my Dear, I have been ſpeaking a good word for *Jack Truman*; my Couſin *Victoria*'s too cruel.

Mrs. *Goodv.* Oh, fie, *Victoria!* Can you be ſo hard hearted to deny any thing, when Mr. *Goodvile* is an Advocate?

Vitto. I muſt confeſs it is with ſome difficulty; but ſhould I too eaſily comply upon Mr. *Goodvile*'s interceſſion, who knows but your Ladiſhip might be jealous? For he that can prevail for another, may preſume there's hopes for himſelf.

Mrs. *Goodv.* Ay, but Couſin, I know you are my Friend, and would not, though but in regard of that, do me ſuch injury: Beſides, Mr. *Goodvile* knows I dare truſt him. Don't you, Love?

Goodv. Truſt me! yes, for if you don't, 'tis all one—Credulous Innocence! [*Aſide.*

Alas, my Dear, were I as falſe as thou art good, thy generous Confidence would ſhame me into honeſty.

Enter Camilla *running and ſqueaking.*
Truman *and* Valentine *after her.*

Camill. For Heav'ns ſake, Madam, ſave me! —— Mr. *Goodvile*, 'tis ſafer travelling through the Deſarts of *Arabia*, then entring your Houſe: Had I not ran hard for it, I had been devour'd, that's certain.

Val. Oh, Madam, are you herded? it will be to little purpoſe, I am ſtanch, and never change my Game.

Cam. But when you have loſt it, if freſh ſtart up, you can be as fully ſatisfied, who hunt more for the love of the ſport, then for the ſake of the prey.

Valent. But, Madam, ſhould you chance to be taken, look to't, for I ſhall touſe and worry you moſt unmercifully, till I have reveng'd my ſelf ſeverely, for the pains you coſt me catching.

Cam. Therefore I am reſolv'd to keep out of your reach; Lord! what would become of ſuch a poor little Creature as I am, in the Paws of ſo ravenous an Animal?

Trum. But are you too, Lady, ſo wild, as Mrs. *Camilla*?

Villa.

Vill. Oh, Sir, to the full! But I hope you are not ſo unmercifull as Mr. *Valentine.*

Trum. No, Madam, quite on the contrary, as ſoft and pliant as your Pillow, you may mould me to your own eaſe and pleaſure, which way you will.

Vill. 'Tis ſtrange two of ſuch different Tempers ſhould ſo well agree: Methinks you look like two as roaring, ranting, tory rory Sparks as one would wiſh to meet withall.

Val. Yes, Madam, at the Play-houſe in a Vizor, when you come dreſt and prepar'd for the Encounter; there indeed we can be as unanimouſly Modiſh and Impertinent as the perfect Coxcombs of 'em all, till like them too, we loſe our hearts, and never know what becomes of 'em.

Camil. But the comfort is, you are ſure to find 'em again in the next Bottle.

Mrs. *Goodv.* Then drink 'em down to the Ladies Healths, and they are as well at eaſe as ever they were.

Trum. Why, you would not be ſo unconſcionable as to have us two ſuch whining crop-ſick Lovers, as ſigh away their hours, and write lamentable Ditties to be ſung about the Town by Fools and Bullies in Taverns.

Goodv. Till ſome *Smithfield* Doggrel taking the hint, ſwells the Sonnet to a Ballad, and *Chloris* dwindles into a Kitchin-Wench.

Vill. 'Tis preſum'd then you are of that familiar Tribe that never make Love but by contraries, and rally our Faults when you pretend to admire our perfections.

Camill. As if the onely way to raiſe a good opinion of your ſelves, were to let us know how ill a one you have of us.

Trum. Faith, Madam, 'tis a hard world, and when Beauty is held at ſo dear a rate, 'tis the beſt way to beat down the Market as much as we can.

Val. But you ſhall find, Ladies, we'l bid like Chapmen for all that.

Vill. You had beſt have a care though, leſt you over-reach your ſelves, and repent of your purchaſe when 'tis too late.

Camil. Beſides, I hate a Dutch Bargain that's made in heat of Wine, for the love it raiſes is generally like the courage it gives, very extraordinary, but very ſhort liv'd.

Goodv. How, Madam! have a care what you ſay; Wine is the Prince of Love, and all Ladies that ſpeak againſt it, forfeit their Charter. I muſt not have my Favourite traduc'd.
Boy, bring ſome Wine, you ſhall prove its good effects, and then acknowledge it your Friend. We'l drink——

Cam. Till your Brains are afloat, and all the reſt ſink.

Val. I find then, Ladies, you have the like opinion of our Heads, as you have of our Hearts.

Cam. Really, Sir, you are much in the right.

Tru. But if your Ladiſhip ſhould be in the wrong.—Tho' Love like Wine be a good refreſher, yet 'tis much more dangerous to be too buſie withall.

And

And though now and then I may over-heat my Head with drinking; yet confound me, I think I ſhall have a care never to break my heart with loving.

Mrs. *Goodv.* But Sir, if all men were of your cruel temper, what would become of thoſe tender hearted Creatures that cannot forbear ſaluting ye with a Billet in a Morning, though it comes without a Name, and makes you as unſatisfi'd as they poor Creatures are themſelves?

Trum. Hah, this concerns me! Blockhead, dull leaden Sot that I was, not to be ſenſible it muſt be ſhe, and none but ſhe, could ſend mine this Morning. Well, poor *Jack Truman* look to thy ſelf, ſnares are laid for thee; ——but the Vertuous muſt ſuffer Temptation: And Heav'n knows all fleſh is frail.

Enter Boy with Wine.

Goodv. Now Boy, fill the Glaſſes. But before we proceed, one thing is to be conſider'd: My Dear, you and I are to be no Man and Wife for this day, but be as indifferent, and take as little notice one of another, as we may chance to do ſeven years hence: but at Night——

Val. A very fair propoſal.

Mrs. *Goodv.* Agreed, Sir, if you will have it ſo.

Goodv. The Wine——now each man to his poſt. The word. [*All take Glaſſes.* *They ſeparate,* Goodv. *to* Cam. Val. *to* Victo. Trum. *to Mrs.* Goodv.

Trum. Love and Wine. [*Enter* Lettice.

Goodv. Paſs——

They drink,

Now that nothing may be wanting, *Lettice* you muſt ſing the Song I brought home t'other Morning, for Muſick is as great an encouragement to drinking, as fighting.

Song.

Lettice ſings. *How bleſs'd he appears,*
That revels and loves out his happy years,
That fiercely ſpurs on till he finiſh his race:
And knowing life's ſhort, chooſes living apace.
To cares we were born, 'twere a folly to doubt it,
Then love and rejoyce, there's no living without it.

2.

Each day we grow older;
But as fate approaches, the brave ſtill are bolder.
The joys of Love with our Youth ſlide away,
But yet there are pleaſures that never decay:
When Beauty grows dull, and our Paſſions grow cold,
Wine ſtill keeps its Charms, and we drink when w'are old.

Goodv. So, now ſhow me an Enemy to divine harmonious Drinking!

Boy. Sir, my Lady *Squeamiſh* is below, juſt alighted out of her Coach.

Goodv. Nay then drinking will have the major Vote againſt it: She is the moſt exact obſerver of Decorums and Decency alive. But ſhe is not alone I hope?

Boy. No, Sir, there is Mr. *Malagene* with her, and three more Gentlemen; one they call Sir *Noble Clumſey*, a full portly Gentleman.

Trum. That's a hopefull Animal, an elder Brother, of a fair Eſtate, and her Kinſman, newly come up to Town, whom her Ladiſhip has undertaken to poliſh and make a fine Gentleman.

Val. Tis ſuch a fulſom over-grown Rogue, yet hopes to be a fine Spark, and a very Courtly Youth; he has been this half year endeavouring at a ſhape, which he loves eating and drinking too well ever to attain to. The other I'le warrant you, are the nimble Mr. *Caper*, and his polite Companion Mr. *Saunter*.

Goodv. She's never without a Kennel of Fools at her heels, and we may know as well when ſhe is near by the noiſe her Coxcombs make, as we know when a certain Spark of this Town is at hand by the new fangled gingle of his Coach. She comes—— and wo be to the VVretch whom ſhe firſt lights upon.

Enter L. Squeamiſh, *Sir* Noble Clumſey, Malag. Caper *and* Saunter.

L. Sq. Dear Madam *Goodvile*, ten thouſand happineſſes wait on you: fair Madam *Villoris*, ſweet charming *Camilla*, which way ſhall I expreſs my Service to you.——Couſin your honour, your honour to the Ladies.

Sir *Noble.* Ladies, as low as Knee can bend, or Head can bow, I ſalute you all: And Gallants, I am your moſt humble, moſt obliged, and moſt devoted Servant.——That I learn'd at the end of an Epiſtle Dedicatory.

Goodv. Sir *Noble Clumſey* is too great a Courtier.

Sir *Noble.* Yes, Sir, I can complement upon an occaſion; my Lady knows I am a pretty apt Scholar.

L. *Squ.* Gallants, you muſt pardon my Couſin here, he is but as it were a Novice yet, and has had little Converſation but what I have had the honour to inſtruct him in.

Malag. But let me tell you, he is a man of parts, and one that I reſpect and honour: 'Pray Gentlemen know my Friend.

Val. Hark you *Malagene*, how durſt you venture hither, knowing that *Goodvile* and *Truman* care ſo little for your company?

Malag. O, Sir, your Servant, your Servant, Sir; I gueſs'd this was the Duel you were going about: I ſhould not have left you elſe faith *Ned*, I ſhould not.

Goodv. But, Madam, can the worthy Knight your Kinſman drink? What think you Sir *Noble* of the Ladies Healths?

Sir *Nob.* In a Glaſs of ſmall Beer, if you pleaſe.

L. *Squ.*

L. *Squ.* Oh ſweet Mr. *Goodvile*, don't tempt him to drink, dont! I'le ſwear, I am ſo afraid he ſhould ſpoil himſelf with drinking. Lord, how I ſhould loath a Fellow with a red Noſe!

Val. See, *Truman*, the two Coxcombs are already boarding our Miſtreſſes.

Trum. Oh, 'twere pity to interrupt 'em; a woman loves to play and fondle with a Coxcomb ſometimes as naturally, as with a Lap-Dog; and I could no more be jealous of one then of the other.

Val. I am not of your opinion; they are too apt to love any thing that but makes 'em ſport: And the familiarity of Fools proceeds often-times from a priviledge we are not aware of. For my part, I ſhall make bold to divert. — Mr. *Saunter* a word: Have you any pretences with that Lady? hah?

Saunt. Some ſmall encouragement I have had, Sir; but I never make my boaſt of thoſe Favours, never.

Val. No, Sir, 'twere not your beſt courſe.

Saunt. Oh Lord, you are pleas'd to be merry: Sure he takes me for a Fool; but no matter for that.——— Sings. ——— *Would Phyllis be mine, and for*, &c.

Enter Boy.

Boy. Madam, the Fiddles are below, ſhall I call 'em up?

Mrs. *Goodv.* No, let 'em ſtay a little, we'l dance below.

Cap. Hah, the Fiddles! Boy, where are you? [*Caper* capers.

Boy. Here, Sir.

Cap. Have you brought my Dancing-ſhoos?

Boy. No, Sir, you gave me no order: but your Fiddle is below under the Seat of the Coach.

Cap. Raſcal, Dog, Fool; when did you ever know me go abroad without my Dancing-ſhoos? Sirrah, run home and fetch 'em quickly, or I'le cut off both your Ears, and have 'em faſten'd to the Heels of thoſe I have on.

Trum. It is an unpardonable fault, Sir, that your Boy ſhould forget your Dancing-ſhoos.

Cap. Ay, hang him, Blockhead, he has no ſenſe; I muſt get rid of him as ſoon as I can: I would no more dance in a pair of ſhoos that we commonly wear, then I would ride a race in a pair of Gambado's.

L. *Squeam.* Mr. *Valentine* I hope is a better bred Gentleman then to leave his Miſtriſs for Wine. I hear, Sir, there is a love between you and Madam *Camilla?* Thou Monſter of perjury. [*To* Val.

Val. Faith, Madam, you are much in the right; there is abundance of love on my ſide, but I can find very little on hers: If your Ladiſhip would but ſtand my Friend upon this occaſion.——I think this is civil.

L. *Squ.* I'le ſwear, Sir, you are a moſt obliging perſon———

Ladies and Gallants, poor Mr. *Valentine* here is fallen in love, and has

deſired me to be his Advocate: Who could withſtand that Eye, that Lip, that Shape and Mein; beſides a thouſand Graces in every thing he does? Oh lovely *Camilla*! guard, guard your Heart; but I'lle ſwear, if it were my own caſe, I doubt I ſhould not—ha, ha, ha.

Val. Madam? what means all this?

Goodv. Poor *Ned Valentine!*

Trum. 'Tis but what I told him he muſt look for: but ſtay, there is more yet coming.

L. *Sq.* Nay, this is not half of what thou art to expect; I'le haunt thee worſe then thy ill Genius, take all opportunities to expoſe thy folly and falſhood every where, till I have made thee as ridiculous to our whole Sex, as thou art odious to me.

Val. But has your Ladiſhip no mercy? will nothing but my ruine appeaſe you? Why ſhould you chooſe by your malice to expoſe your decay of years, and lay open your poor Lovers follies to all, becauſe you could improve 'em to your own uſe no longer? [*Approaches.*

L. *Squ.* Come not near me, Traytor,—Lord, Madam *Camilla*, how can you be ſo cruel? See, ſee, how wildly he looks: for Heav'n ſake have a care of him; I fear he is diſtemper'd in his mind: What pity 'tis ſo hopeful a Gentleman ſhould run mad for Love,—ha, ha, ha.

Mrs. *Good.* Dear Madam, how can you uſe Mr. *Valentine* ſo? 'Tis enough to put him out of humour and ſpoil him for being good company all the day after it.

L. Squ. Oh Lord, Madam, 'tis the greateſt pleaſure to me in the world: Let me die, but I love to railly a baſhfull young Lover, and put him out of count'nance, at my heart.

Saunt. Ha, ha, ha, and I'le ſwear the Devil and all's in her wit, when ſhe ſets on't. Poor *Ned Valentine!* Lord, how ſillily he looks!

Cap. Ay, and would fain be angry if he knew but how.

Val. Hark you Coxcomb, I can be angry, very angry, d'ye mark me?

Sir *Noble.* No, but Sir, don't be in a paſſion, my Lady will have her humour; but ſhe's a very good woman at the bottom.

Val. Very likely Sir.

Mrs. *Goodv.* Now, Madam, if your Ladiſhip thinks fit, we'l withdraw and leave the Gentlemen to themſelves a little; onely Mr. *Caper* and Mr. *Saunter* muſt do us the honour of their company.

Saunt. Say you ſo, Madam? I'faith and you ſhall have it. Come *Caper*, we are the men for the Ladies, I ſee that.—Hey Boys!

L. *Squ.* Oh dear and ſweet Mr. *Saunter* ſhall oblige us with a Song.

Saunt. O Madam, Ten thouſand, ten thouſand if you pleaſe: I'le ſwear, I believe I could ſing all Day and all Night, and never be weary. [*Sings.*

When Phylla watcht her harmleſs Sheep,
Not one poor Lamb, &c.

[Ex. *Saunter, Cap. Ladies.*

Goodv.

Goodv. A happy riddance this: Now Gentlemen for one Bottle to entertain our noble Friend and now acquaintance, Sir *Noble Clumſey.*

Sir *Noble.* Really Gallants, I muſt beg your pardon, I dare not drink, for I have but a very weak Brain, Sir, and my Head won't bear it.

Trum. Oh, ſurely that honourable Bulk could never be maintain'd with thin regular Diet and ſmall Beer.

Sir *Noble.* I muſt confeſs, Sir, I am ſomething plump, but a little fat is comely, I would not be too lean.

Malag. No, by no means my Dear, thou haſt an heroick Face which well becomes the noble port and fulneſs of thy Body.

Val. Goodvile, we have a Suit to you: Here is *Malagene* has been ſometime in a Cloud, for this once receive him into good Grace and Favour again.

Malag. Faith, *Goodvile* do, for without any more words, I love thee with all my heart—Faith and Troth—give me thy hand.

Goodv. But Sir ſhould I allow you my Countenance, you would be very drunk, very rude, and very unmannerly I fear.

Malag. Drunk, Sir? I ſcorn your words, I'de have you know I han't been drunk this week; no, I am the Son of a Whore if I wont be very ſober: This noble Knight ſhall be ſecurity for my good behaviour. Wilt thou not Knight?

Sir *Noble.* Sir, you are a perſon altogether a ſtranger to me; and I have ſworn never to be bound for any man.

Trum. Oh but Sir *Noble*, you are oblig'd in honour to ſerve a Gentleman and your friend.

Sir *Noble.* Say you ſo, Sir? oblig'd in honour? I am ſatisfi'd. Sir, this Gentleman is my Friend and Acquaintance, and whatſoever he ſays I'le ſtand to.

Malag. Hark thee Son of *Mars*, thou art a Knight already, I'le marry thee to a Lady of my acquaintance, and have thee made a Lord.

Goodv. Boy, the Wine, give Sir *Noble* his Glaſs, —Gentlemen, Sir *Noble*'s Ladies Health.

Sir *Nob.* Od's my life, I'le drink that tho' I die for't. Gallants, I have a Lady in this Head of mine, and that you ſhall find anon. By my Troth, I think this be a Glaſs of good Wine!

Val. Say you ſo? take the other Glaſs then Sir *Noble.*

Sir *Nob.* 'Fore *George*, and ſo I will. Pox on't, let it be a brimmer: Gentlemen, God ſave the King.

Malag. Well ſaid my lovely man of might: His worſhip grows good company.

Trum. Sir *Noble*, you are a great Acquaintance with Mr. *Caper* and Mr. *Saunter*, they are men of pretty parts.

Sir *Noble.* Oh Sir, the fineſt perſons—the moſt obliging well-bred complaiſant modiſh Gentlemen: They are acquainted with all the Ladies in Town, and are men of fine eſtates.

Trum. This Rogue is one of thoſe Earthy Mongrels that knows the

value of nothing but a good Eſtate, and loves a fellow with a great deal of Land and a Title, though his Grandfather were a Blackſmith.

Sir *Nob.* How ſay you Sir, a good Eſtate? od's heart, give me the other Glaſs, I have two thouſand pounds a year.

Malag. Say'ſt thou ſo? Boy, bring more Wine; Wine in abundance, Sirrah d'ye hear? *Frank Goodvile*, thou ſee'ſt I am free, for Faith I hate Ceremony, and would fain make the Knight merry.

Goodv. Malagene, it ſhall be your task; drink him up luſtily, and when that's done, wee'l bring him to my Lady his Couſin, it may make ſome ſport.

Val. A very good propoſal.

Malag. Say no more, thy word's a Law, and it ſhall be done: Come, bear up my luſty Limb of honour, and hang ſobriety.

Sir *Noble.* Ay, ſo ſay I, hang ſobriety——drink, whore, rant, roar, ſwear, make a noiſe, and all that: But be honeſt, do'ſt hear, be honeſt.

Trum. I would very fain be ſo if I could: But the damn'd Billet this Morning won't out of my head. Well, Madam *Goodvile*, if any miſchief comes on't, 'tis your own fault, not mine. I did not ſtrike firſt, and there's an end on't. [*Muſick within.*

Enter Lettice.

Lettice. Sir, the Fiddles are ready, and the Ladies deſire your Company.——Mr. *Truman*, my Lady wants you.

Trum. Say'ſt thou ſo? I thank thee for thy news with all my heart. The Devil I ſee will get the better on't, and there is no reſiſting.

Lettice. Sir *Noble*, my Lady *Squeamiſh* ſent me to tell you, ſhe wants your company to dance.

Sir *Nob.* Tell her, I am buſie about a grand Affair of the Nation, and cannot come.——Dance? I look like a Dancer indeed! but theſe women will be always putting us on more then we can do.
Boy, give me more Wine.

Goodv. Malagene, remember, and uſe expedition.

[Ex. *Goodv. Trum. Val. Lettice.*

Sir *Noble.* Sirrah, do you know me? I am a Knight: And here's a Health to all the VVhores in Chriſtendom.

Malag. Not forgetting all the Ladies within. Now we are alone I may talk. [*Drinks.*]

Sir *Nob.* So, there's for you, do you ſee? [*Breaks a Glaſs.*

Sirrah, don't you look ſcurvily, I have money in my Pocket, you muſt know that.——Bring us more Wine.
Malagene, thou art a pretty Fellow; do'ſt thou love me? Give me thy hand: I will ſalute thy under Lip. [*Staggers.*

Malag. Hah, what's the meaning of this? I doubt I ſhall almoſt be drunk as ſoon as the Knight. Sir *Noble*, canſt thou whore?

Sir

Sir *Nob.* How, whore! what a queſtion's there? Thou ſhalt be my Pimp, and I'le prefer thee.

Malag. What a Raſcal this Knight is? I have known as worthy a perſon as himſelf a Pimp, and one that thought it no blemiſh to his honour neither.

Enter Lady Squeamiſh *at the Door.*

Sir *Noble.* Hah, my Lady Couſin? ——Faith, Madam, you ſee I am at it.

Malag. The Devil's in't, I think, we could no ſooner talk of Whores, but ſhe muſt come in, with a Pox to her. Madam, your Ladiſhps moſt humble Servant.

L. Squ. Oh, odious! inſufferable! Who would have thought, Couſin, you would have ſerv'd me ſo ——— fough how he ſtinks of Wine, I can ſmell him hither. —How have you the patience to hear the noiſe of Fiddles, and ſpend your time in naſty drinking?

Sir *Nob.* Hum! 'tis a good Creature: lovely Lady, thou ſhalt take thy Glaſs.

L. *Squ.* Uh gud murther, I had rather you had offered me a Toad.

Sir *Noble.* Then *Valentine*, here's a Health to my Lady Couſins *Pelion* upon *Oſſa*. [*Drinks and breaks Glaſs.*

L. *Squ.* Lord, dear Mr. *Malagene*, what's that?

Malag. A certain place Madam in *Greece*, much talkt of by the Ancients; the noble Gentleman is well read.

L. Squ. Nay he is an ingenious perſon I'le aſſure you.

Sir *Noble.* Now Lady bright I am wholly thy Slave: Give me thy hand, I'l go ſtraight and begin my Grandmothers kiſſing Dance; but firſt deſign me the private honour of thy Lip.

L. *Squ.* Nay, fie Sir *Noble*! how I hate you now! for ſhame be not ſo rude: I'le ſwear you are quite ſpoiled. Get you gone, you good natur'd Toad you.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

End ſecond Act.

THE

THE THIRD ACT.

SCENE I.

Enter Goodvile *a little heated.*

Good-vile. WHat a damn'd Chicken-brain'd Fellow am I grown? If I but dip my Bill I am giddy. Now am I as hot-headed with my bare two Bottles, as a drunken Prentice on a Holiday. *Truman* marries *Victoria*, that's reſolv'd on, and ſo one Care is over. But then *Camilla*! how I ſhall get poſſeſſion of her.——Well, my mind miſgives me I ſhall do ſomething may call my Diſcretion in queſtion, and yet I can't avoid it. *Camilla* I do love and muſt have her, come what will on't: And no time ſo fit to begin the Enterprize as this; ſhe may make a good Wife for *Valentine* for all that.

Enter *Truman*, *Valentine*. Muſick.

Fie, Gentlemen, without the Ladies! Did you quit Champaign for this? Faith I begin to deſpair of you, and doubt you are grown as weak Lovers as Drinkers.

Trum. Goodvile thou haſt no Conſcience: A decay'd Cavalier Captain that drinks Journey-work under a Deputy Lieutenant in the Country is not able to keep thee company. Two Bottles, as I take it, is no ſuch triſling matter.

Goodv. Oh but I hate to be baulkt, and a friend that leaves me at two Bottles, is as unkind as a Miſtriſs that jilts me when I thought I had made ſure of the Buſineſs. But Gallants, how ſtand the Affairs of love? *Truman*, is *Victoria* kind? I queſtion not your friendſhip in the matter, but truſt the honour of my Family in your hands.

Val. He little thinks *Truman* is inform'd of all, and no longer a ſtranger on what ſcore he is ſo wondrous civil. But I am miſtaken, if he be behind with him in kindneſs long. [*Aſide.*

Trum. A pox on't, I am afraid this Marriage will never agree with me, methinks the very thought on't goes a little againſt my ſtomach: Like a young Thief, though I have ſome itching to be at it, yet I am loth to venture what may follow.

Goodv. Well, I'le go in and better prepare *Victoria*; in the mean time believe

believe it onely my ambition to be as well ally'd in bloud as friendſhip to ſo good and generous a perſon as *Truman*.

Trum. What a damn'd Creature man is! *Valentine*, did'ſt thou believe this fellow could be a Villain?

Val. I muſt confeſs, it ſomething ſurprizes me; he might have found out a fitter perſon to put his Miſtriſs upon, then his Friend: but how the Devil got you the knowledge of it?

Trum. Faith I'le tell thee; for I think I am no way oblig'd to conceal it—his Wife, even his very wife told me all.

Val. I begin to ſuſpect that Mrs. *Goodvile* has no ill opinion of you; I obſerv'd ſomething but now very obliging towards you: Beſides when a Woman begins to betray her Husbands ſecrets, 'tis a certain ſign ſhe has a mind to communicate very important ones of her own.

Trum. Valentine no more of that; Though it would bea rare revenge to make a Cuckold of this ſmiling Rogue.

Val. 'Tis 50 times better then cutting his Throat, that were to do him more honour then he deſerves.

Enter *Malagene*.

Malag. Ha, ha, ha, the rareſt ſport—*Jack Truman*, *Ned Valentine*.

Trum. Why, whats the matter? where?

Malag. Yonder's my Rogue of a Knight as drunk as a Porter; and faith *Jack* I am but little better.

Val. Dear Sir, and what of all this?

Mal. Why with a Bottle under his arm, and a Beer-glaſs in his hand I ſet him full drive at my Lady *Squeamiſh*; for nothing elſe but to make miſchief *Ned*—nothing elſe in the world; for every body knows I am the worſt natur'd fellow breathing: 'Tis my way of wit.

Val. Do you love no body then?

Malag. No not I: yes, a pox on't I love you well enough, becauſe ye are a Rogue I have known a good while. Though ſhould I take the leaſt prejudice againſt you, I could not afford you a good word behind your back for my heart.

Trum. Sir, we are much obliged to you; 'Tis a ſign the Rogue is drunk that he ſpeaks truth.

Malag. I tell you what I did t'other day; faith 'tis as good a jeſt as ever you heard.

Val. Pray Sir do.

Mal. Why walking along, a lame Fellow follow'd me, and askt my Charity, (which by the way was a pretty propoſition to me:) being in one of my witty merry fits, I askt him how long he had been in that condition? The poor Fellow ſhook his head and told me he was born ſo.—But how d'ye think I ſerv'd him?

Val. Nay, the Devil knows.

Malag. I ſhow'd my parts I think; for I tript up both his wooden Legs, and walkt off gravely about my buſineſs.

Trum. And this you ſay is your way of wit?

Malag. Ay altogether this and Mimickry: I am a very good Mimick; I can act *Punchinello*, *Scaramouchio*, *Harlequin*, Prince *Prettyman*, or any thing. I can act the rumbling of a Wheelbarrow.

Val. The rumbling of a Wheel-barrow!

Malag. Ay, the rumbling of a Wheel-barrow, ſo I ſay——Nay, more then that, I can act a Sow and Piggs, Sauſages a broiling, a Shoulder of Mutton a roaſting: I can act a Fly in a Honey-pot.

Trum. That indeed muſt be the effect of very curious obſervation.

Malag. No, hang it, I never make it my buſineſs to obſerve any thing, that is Mechanick. But all this I do, you ſhall ſee me if you will: But here comes her Ladiſhip and Sir *Noble*.

Enter Lady Squeamiſh *and Sir* Noble.

L. *Squ.* Oh dear Mr *Truman* reſcue me. Nay, Sir *Noble*, for Heav'ns ſake.

Sir *Nob.* I tell thee Lady, I muſt embrace thy lovely body. Sir, do you know me? I am Sir *Noble Clumſey*: I am a Rogue of an Eſtate, and live I——Do you want any money? I have fifty pound.

Val. Nay good Sir *Noble*, none of your generoſity we beſeech you. The Lady, the Lady Sir *Noble*.

Sir *Nob.* Nay, 'tis all one to me if you won't take it, there it is.—— Hang money, my Father was an Alderman.

Mal. 'Tis pity good Guinneys ſhould be ſpoil'd: Sir *Noble*, by your leave. [*Picks 'em up.*

Sir *Nob.* But Sir you will not keep my money?

Malag. Oh, hang money Sir, your Father was an Alderman.

Sir *Nob.* Well, get thee gone for an Arch-wagg——I do but ſham all this while:——But by Dad he's pure company.

Trum. Was there ever ſuch a Blockhead! Now has he nevertheleſs a mighty opinion of himſelf, and thinks all this wit and pretty diſcourſe.

Sir *Noble.* Lady, once more I ſay be civil and come kiſs me; I ſhall raviſh elſe, I ſhall raviſh mightily.

Val. Well done Sir *Noble*, to her, never ſpare.

L. *Squ.* I may be even with you though for all this Mr. *Valentine*: Nay, dear Sir *Noble*, Mr. *Truman*, I'le ſwear he'l put me into Fits.

Sir *Nob.* No, but let me ſalute the Hem of thy Garment. Wilt thou marry me? [*Kneels.*

Malag. Faith Madam do, let me make the Match.

L. *Squ.* Let me die, Mr. *Malagene*, you are a ſtrange man, and I'le ſwear have a great deal of wit. Lord, why don't you write?

Malag. Write? I thank your Ladiſhip for that with all my heart. No, I have a finger in a Lampoon or ſo ſometimes, that's all.

Trum.

Trum. But he can act.

L. *Squ.* I'l ſwear and ſo he does better then any one upon our Theatres; I have ſeen him. Oh the *Engliſh* Comedians are nothing, not comparable to the *French* or *Italian*: Beſides we want Poets.

Sir *Nob.* Poets! why I am a Poet. I have written three Acts of a Play, and have nam'd it already. 'Tis to be a Tragedy.

L. *Squ.* Oh Couſin, if you undertake to write a Tragedy, take my counſel: Be ſure to ſay ſoft melting tender things in it that may be moving, and make your Ladies Characters vertuous what ere you do.

Sir *Nob.* Moving? why, I can never read it my ſelf but it makes me laugh, well, 'tis the pretty'ſt Plot and ſo full of waggery.

L. *Squ.* Oh ridiculous!

Malag. But Knight the Title, Knight, the Title.

Sir *Noble.* Why let me ſee; 'Tis to be call'd, The merry Conceits of Love; or, The Life and Death of the Emperour *Charles* the Fifth, with the humours of his Dog *Bobadillo.*

Malag. Ha, ha ha.

Val. But Sir *Noble*, this ſounds more like a Comedy.

Sir *Noble.* Oh, but I have reſolved it ſhall be a Tragedy, becauſe *Bobadillo's* to be kill'd in the Play. Comedy! no, I ſcorn to write Comedy. I know ſeveral that can ſquirt Comedy.——I'le tell you more of this when I am ſober.

L. *Squ.* But dear Mr. *Malagene*, won't you let us ſee you act a little ſomething of *Harlequin?* I'le ſwear you do it ſo naturally, it makes me think I am at the *Louvre* or *Whitehall* all the time. [Malag. *acts.* Oh Lord, don't, don't neither: I'le ſwear you'l make me burſt. Was there ever any thing ſo pleaſant?

Trum. Was ever any thing ſo affected and ridiculous? Her whole life ſurely is a continued Scene of Impertinence. What a damn'd Creature is a decay'd woman with all the exquiſite fillineſs and vanity of her Sex; yet none of the charms. {Malag. *ſpeaks in* Punchinello's *voice.*

L. *Squ.* O Lord, that, that; that is a pleaſure intolerable. Well, let me die if I can hold out any longer. Pray Mr. *Malagene*, how long have you been in love with Mrs. *Tawdry* the Actreſs?

Malag. Ever ſince your Ladiſhip has been off from the hooks with Mr. *Valentine.* [*In his own voice aloud.*

L. *Squ.* Uh! gud, I always thought Mr. *Malagene* had been better bred than to upbraid me with any ſuch baſe thing to my face, what ever he might ſay of me behind my back: But there is no Honour, no Civility in the world, that I am ſatisfied of.

Val. Can your Ladiſhip take any thing ill from Mr. *Malagene?* A woman ſhould bear with the unluckly Jerks of her Buffoon or Coxcomb, as well as with the ill manners of her Monkey ſometimes: The Fools and Raſcalls your Sex delights in, ought to have the priviledge of ſaying as well as they have of doing any thing.

L. *Squ.* Which you men of wit (as you think your ſelves!) are very angry you ſhould be debarr'd of: Lord, what pity 'tis your good parts ſhould be your misfortune.

Val. Ay Madam, I feel the curſe of it: I who had juſt ſence enough to fall in love with ſo much Beauty and Merit, yet could not be able to keep the Paradiſe I was ſo happily poſſeſt of.

L. *Squ.* This malice and ill-nature ſhall not ſerve your turn; I ſhall know all your proceedings and intrigues with *Camilla*, and be reveng'd on your love to her, for all the Affronts and Injuries you have done to mine.

Enter *Caper* and *Saunter.*

Cap. Oh dear Madam, w'are utterly undone for want of your Ladiſhips company I'le vow. Madam *Goodvile* is coming with the Fiddles to wait on you here. [*Cuts backward.*

Sir *Noble.* Sir, are you a Dancing-Maſter? you are very nimble methinks.

Caper. Ay Sir, I hate to ſtand ſtill. But Sir *Noble*, I thought you had known me. I doubt you may be a little over-taken; Faith, dear heart, I am glad to ſee thee ſo merry.

Sir *Noble.* Yes, I do love dearly to be drunk once a year or ſo, 'tis good for my bodily health. But do you never drink?

Cap. No, Sir *Noble*, that is not my Province you know: I mind Dancing altogether.

Sir *Noble.* Nor you? can't you drink, hah?

Saunt. No, I make love and ſing to Ladies.

Sir *Noble.* Whores to my knowledge, errant rank common Whores. A pox on your woman of quality that you carried me to in the *Mall.*

Trum. Why, what was the matter Sir *Noble*?

Sir *Nob.* By yea and by nay, a foul over-grown Strumpet, with a running Baud inſtead of a Waiting-woman, a great deal of Paint, variety of old Cloaths, and nothing to eat.

L. *Sq.* Oh dear, let me die, if that was not extravagantly pleaſant.

Trum. I believe Sir *Noble* is much in the right, for I never came near theſe giddy intriguing Blockheads, but they were talking of Love and Ladies; nor ever met with a hackney ſtripping Whore that did not know 'em.

Cap. Neil Valentine, I have a kindneſs to beg of you.

Val. Sir, you may command me any thing.

Cap. Why, you muſt know I am in love with *Camilla.*

Val. Very good.

Cap. Now I would have you ſpeak to *Frank Goodvile* not to make love to her as he does, i'faith I can't bear it; for to tell you the truth on't, I intend to marry her; I catcht him at it but now: Faith it made my heart ake, never ſtir if it did not. [*Ex.*

Val. Introth Sir 'tis very uncivil: *Truman*, this *Goodvile* has a mind

to

to oblige us both; he's providing a Wife for me too as faſt as he can. *Camilla*'s his Quarrey now I underſtand, and by that time he has plaid as fair a Game with her as he has done with your Miſtriſs *Victoria*, I may ſtand fair to put in for the Rubbers.

Trum. Valentine, thou art upon too ſure grounds for him there; *Camilla* has both too much wit and vertue, and each with as little affectation as the other.

Val. Jack, after this I cannot but be very free with you; I know there is ſome love hatching between you and his Wife: both our revenge lies in thy hands, and if thou do'ſt not thy ſelf and me juſtice, I'le diſown thee for ever.

Trum. See where he comes with a heart as gay and light, as if there were nothing but honeſty in it.

Enter *Goodvile.*

Sings.

When Beauty can't move, and our paſſions grow cold,
Wine ſtill keeps its charms, and we drink when w'are old.

Good.—*Jack Truman*, yonder have I and *Victoria* been laughing at thee till we were weary. She ſwears thou art ſo very modeſt, ſhe would not for all the world marry thee for fear of ſpoiling that vertue.

Trum. Nay then I doubt I have loſt her for ever; for if ſhe complains of my modeſty, ſhe has found a fault which I never thought I had been guilty of before.

Goodv. But that is aquality which though they hate never ſo much in a Gallant, they are apt for many reaſons to value in a Husband: Fear not, Diſſimulation is the natural adjunct of their Sex; and I would no more deſpair of a woman, though ſhe ſwore ſhe hated me, then I would believe her though ſhe ſwore ſhe lov'd me.

Enter Lady Squeamiſh, *and the reſt of the Company with the Fiddler.*

L. *Sq.* Oh a Country Dance, a Country Dance! Mr. *Caper* where are you? you ſhall dance with Madam *Camilla*. Mr. *Saunter* wait on *Victoria*. Mr. *Goodvile* your humble Servant. Dear Mr. *Truman* won't you oblige me? Madam *Goodvile*——ha, ha, ha: I'le ſwear I had utterly forgotten Mr. *Valentine*.

Val. Your Ladiſhip knows me to be a civil perſon, if you pleaſe, I'le keep good orders. [*All take out the Women.*

Malag. Faith *Ned* do, and I'le keep the Muſick in tune: Away with it; Hold, hold—— what inſufferable Raſcals are theſe? why ye ſcurvy thraſhing ſcraping Mongrels, ye make a worſe noiſe then crampt Hedg-hogs. An old gouty Dancing-Matter that teaches to dance with his Spectacles on, makes better Muſick on his crackt Kitt——

{ *Muſick plays.*

'Sdeath

'Sdeath ye Dogs can't you play now as a Gentleman ſings? hah—

Goodv. Sir, will you never leave this nauſeous humour of yours? I can never be with you but I muſt be forc'd to uſe you ill, or indure the perpetual torment of your Impertinence.

Malag. Well Sir, I ha' done Sir, I ha' done: but 'tis very hard a man can't be permitted to ſhew his parts. 'Sdeath *Frank*, do'ſt thou think thou underſtand'ſt Muſick?

Goodv. Sir I underſtand it ſo well, that I won't have it interrupted in my company by you.

Malag. I am glad on't with all my heart; I never thought you had underſtood any thing before.—I think there I was pretty even with you.

Goodv. Saucineſs and ill-manners are ſo much your province, that nothing but kicking is fit for you.

Malag. Sir, you may uſe your pleaſure; but I care no more for being kickt, then you do for kicking. But prithee *Frank* why ſhould you be out of humour ſo? The Devil take me, if I ſhall not give thee ſuch a jerk preſently will make thee angry indeed.

L. *Sq.* Lord, Mr. *Goodvile*, how can you be ſo ill-natur'd? I'le ſwear Mr. *Malagene* is in the right. Theſe people have no manners in the leaſt, play not at all to dancing: but I vow he himſelf ſings a Tune extream prettily.

Goodv. Death, Hell and the Devil, how am I teaz'd? I ſhall have no opportunity to purſue my buſineſs with *Camilla:* I muſt remove this troubleſom Coxcomb, and that perhaps may put ſtop at leaſt to her Impertinence.

L. *Squ.* Mr. *Truman*, Mr. *Goodvile*, and Ladies, I beſeech you do me the favour to hear Mr. *Malagene* ſing a *Scotch* Song: I'le ſwear I am a ſtrange Admirer of *Scotch* Songs, they are the pretti'ſt ſoft melting gentle harmleſs things——

Saunt. By Dad, and ſo they are.—*In January laſt*—— [Sings.

Val. Deliver us! A *Scotch* Song! I hate it worſe then a *Scotch* Bagpipe, which even the Bears are grown weary of, and have better Muſick. I wiſh I could ſee her Ladiſhip dance a *Scotch* Jigg to one of 'em.

Mal. I muſt needs beg your Ladiſhips pardon, I have forgotten the laſt new *Scotch* Song: But if you pleaſe, I'le entertain you with one of another nature, which I am apt to believe will be as pleaſant.

L. *Sq.* Let me die, Mr. *Malagene*, you are eternally obliging me.

Malag. *ſings an Iriſh Cronon.*

Malag. Well, Madam, how like you it Madam, hah?

L. *Sq.* Really it is very pretty now——the pretti'ſt odd out of the way Notes. Don't you admire it ſtrangely?

Mal. I'le aſſure your Ladiſhip I learnt it of an *Iriſh* Muſician that's lately come over, and intend to preſent it to an Author of my Acquainſance to put it in his next Play.

L. *Sq.*

L. *Sq.* Ha, ha, Mr. *Valentine*, I would have you learn it for a Serenade to your Miſtriſs,——ha, ha, ha.

Val. My Page, Madam, is docible, and has a pretty voice, he ſhall learn it if you pleaſe; and if your Ladiſhip has any further ſervice for him——

L. *Sq.* Ah Lord, Wit, wit, wit, as I live! Come let's dance.

Trum. Valentine, thou art ſomething too rough; I am afraid her Ladiſhip will be reveng'd; I ſee miſchief in her eyes; 'tis ſafer provoking a *Lancaſhire* Witch, then an old Miſtriſs; and ſhe as violent in her malice too.

Goodv. Malagene, a word with you——hark ye, come hither.

[*Goes to the Door.*

Mal. Well *Frank*, what's the buſineſs now? I am clearly for miſchief, ſhall I break the Fiddles, and turn the Raſcals out of doors?

Goodv. No, Sir; but I'le be ſo civil to turn you out of doors. Nay, Sir, no ſtruggling, I have Footmen within.

Mal. Whoo, prithee what's all this for? What a pox, I know my Lady well enough for a ſilly affected fantaſtical Gipſey: I did all this but o' purpoſe to ſhew her——Let me alone, I'le abuſe her worſe.

Goodv. No Sir; but I'le take more care of your reputation, and turn you out to learn better manners. No reſiſtance as you tender your Ears; but begon. [*Exit.*

Goodv. So, he's gone, and now I hope I may have ſome little time to my ſelf.——Fiddles ſtrike up. [*Dance.*

Truman. Thus Madam you freely enjoy all the pleaſures of a ſingle life, and eaſe your ſelf of that wretched formal Auſterity which commonly attends a married one.

Mrs. *Goodv.* Who would not hate to be one of thoſe ſimpring Saints that enter into Marriage as they would go into a Nunnery, where they keep very ſtrict to their Devotion for a while, but at laſt turn as errant Sinners as e're they were.

Truman. Marriages indeed ſhould be repair'd to as commonly Nunneries are, for handſom retreats and conveniences, not for Priſons, where thoſe that cannot live without 'em may be ſafe, yet ſometimes venture too abroad a little.

Mrs. *Goodv.* But never Sir without a Lady Abbeſs or a Confeſſor at leaſt.

Trum. Might I Madam, have the honour to be your Confeſſor, I ſhould be very indulgent and laviſh of Abſolution to ſo pretty a Sinner.

Mrs. *Goodv.* See, Mr. *Goodvile* and Madam *Camilla* I believe are at ſhrift already.

Trum. And poor *Ned Valentine* looks as penſively as if all the ſins of the Company were his own.

Mrs. *Goodv.* See Mr. *Caper* your Miſtreſs.

Cap. Ha *Camilla!* Sir your Servant, may I have the honour to lead this Lady a Coranto?

Goodv.

Goodv. No Sir, Death! ſurely I have Fools that reſt and harbour in my houſe, and they are a worſe plague then Buggs and Mothes: ſhall I never be quiet?

Val. Sir *Noble*, Sir *Noble*, have a care of your Miſtriſs! do you ſee there?

Sir *Noble.* Hum—ha—where? oh—— [*Wakes and riſes.*

Saunt. Nay, faith Madam, *Harry Caper's* as pretty a Fellow! 'Tis the wittiy'ſt Rogue: He and I laugh at all the Town. *Harry*, I ſhall marry her.

Sir *Nob.* Marry Sir! whom will you marry Sir? you lye. Sweet Heart come along with me, I'le marry thee my ſelf preſently.

Vill. You, Sir *Noble!* —what d'ye mean? [*She ſqueaks.*

Sir *Noble.* Mean! honourably, honourably, I mean honourably. Theſe are Rogues my Dear, arrant Rogues. Come along.—— [*Ex.* Sir *Nob. Vill.*

Cap. Ha, *Saunter.*——

Saunt. Ay *Caper*, ha! Let us follow this drunken Knight.

Cap. I faith, and ſo I will——I don't value him this! [*Cutts.*

[*Ex.* Cap. *and* Saunt.

L. *Sq.* Ha, ha, ha! Well, I'le ſwear my Couſin Sir *Noble* is a ſtrange pleaſant Creature. Dear Madam, let us follow and ſee the ſport. Mr. *Truman* will you walk? Oh dear, 'tis violent hot. [*Exeunt.*

Val. I'le withdraw too, and at ſome diſtance obſerve how matters are carried between *Goodvile* and *Camilla.* [*Exit.*

Goodv. Are you then Madam reſolv'd to ruine me? Why ſhould all that ſtock of Beauty be thrown away on one that can never be able to deſerve the gleanings of it? I love you——

Cam. And all the Sex beſides. That ever any man ſhould take ſuch pains to forſwear himſelf to no purpoſe!

Goodv. Nay, then there's hopes yet, if you pretend to doubt the truth of my love; 'tis a ſign you have ſome inclinations at leaſt that are my Friends.

Cam. This *Goodvile* I ſee is one of thoſe ſpruce poliſht Fools, who have ſo good an opinion of themſelves, that they think no woman can reſiſt 'em, nor man of better ſence deſpiſe 'em. I'le ſeem at preſent to comply, and try how far 'twill paſs upon him.

Goodv. Well Madam, have you conſider'd on't? will the ſtone in your heart give way?

Cam. No Sir, 'tis full as firm and hard as ever 'twas.

Goodv. And I may then go hang or drown, or do what I will with my ſelf? Hah?

Cam. At your own diſcretion Sir, though I ſhould be loth to ſee ſo proper a handſom Gentleman come to an ill end.

Goodv. Good charitable Creature! But Madam, know I can be reveng'd on you for this; and my revenge ſhall be to love you ſtill; gloat on and loll after you where ere I ſee you; in all publick meetings haunt and vex you; write lamentable Sonnets on you, and ſo plain, that

that every Fop that ſings 'em ſhall know 'tis you I mean.

Cam. So Sir, this is ſomething: Could not you as well have told me you had been very ill-natur'd at firſt? you did not know how far it might have wrought upon me; beſides, 'tis a thouſand times better then vowing and bowing, and making a deal of love and noiſe, and all to as little purpoſe as any thing you ſay elſe.

Goodv. Right exquiſite Tyrant! I'le ſet a watch and guard ſo ſtrict upon you, you ſhall not entertain a well-dreſt Fool in private, but I'le know it; Then in a lewd Lampoon publiſh it to the Town; till you ſhall repent and curſe the hour you ever ſaw me.

Cam. Ah would I could, ill-natur'd cruel man!

Goodv. Hah, how's that? am I then miſtaken? and have I wrong'd you all this while? I ask ten thouſand pardons; curſt damn'd ſot that I was! I have ruin'd my ſelf now for ever.

Cam. Well Sir, ſhould I now forgive you all, could you conſent to wrong your Lady ſo far? you have not yet been married a full year: How muſt I then ſuſpect your love to me, that can ſo ſoon forget your faith to her?

Goodv. Oh Madam, what do you do? the name of a Wife to a man in love is worſe then cold water in a Feaver: 'Tis enough to ſtrike the Diſtemper to my heart and kill me quite, my Lady quoth a!

Cam. Beſides, *Valentine* you know is your Friend.

Goodv. I grant it, he is ſo; A Friend is a thing I love to eat and drink and laugh withall: Nay more, I would on a good occaſion loſe my life for my Friend; but not my pleaſure. Say where and when it ſhall be?

Cam. Never, I dare not.

Goodv. You muſt by and by when 'tis a little darker, in the left-hand Walk in the loweſt Garden.

Camil. I won't promiſe you; can't you truſt my good nature?

Goodv. Charming Creature! I do: Now if I can but make up the Match between *Truman* and *Victoria*, my hopes are compleated.

Cam. Haſte! haſte! away Sir, I ſee *Valentine* coming.— [Ex. *Goodv.*

Enter Valentine.

Val. Madam, you are extreamly merry; I am glad Mr. *Goodvile* has left you in ſo good a humour.

Cam. Ay Sir, and what may pleaſe you more, he is parted hence in as good a humour as he has left me here.

[*Enter Lady* Squeamiſh, Bridget *at the Door.*

L. *Sq. Valentine* and *Camilla* alone together! Now for an opportunity to be reveng'd! ah how I love malice!

Val. Ungratefull'ſt of women!

Cam. Fooliſheſt of men! Can you be ſo very ſilly to be jealous? for I find you are ſo: What have you ever obſerv'd ſince firſt your knowledge

of me that might perſwade you I ſhould ever grow fond of a man, as notoriouſly falſe to all Women, as you are unworthy of me? [*Aſide.*

L. *Squ.* Has *Valentine* been falſe to her too? nay, then there is ſome pleaſure left yet, to think I am not the onely Woman that has ſuffer'd by his baſeneſs.

Val. What then, I'll warrant you were alone together half an hour only for a little harmleſs raillery or ſo; an honour I could never obtain without hard ſuit and humble ſupplication.

Cam. Alas! how very Politick you are grown! you would pretend diſpleaſure to try your power. No——I ſhall henceforth think you never had a good opinion of me, but that your Love was at firſt as ill grounded as your fantaſticall Jealouſy is now.

Val. What ſpecious pretence can you urge? (I know a Woman can never be without one;) come, I am eaſy and good natur'd, willing to believe and be deceiv'd: —what, not a word?

Camill. Though I can hardly deſcend to ſatisfy your diſtruſt, for which I hardly value you and almoſt hate you; yet to torment you farther, know I did diſcourſe with him, and of love too; nay more, granted him an appointment, but one I never meant to keep, and promiſed it onely to get rid of him. This is more then I am oblig'd to tell you, but that I wanted ſuch an opportunity as this to check your pretences, which I found grew too unruly to be kept at a diſtance.

Val. Tho' I had ſome reaſon to be in doubt, yet this true reſentment and juſt proceeding has convinc'd me: For *Goodvile* is a man I have little reaſon to truſt, as will appear hereafter, and 'twas my knowledge of his baſeneſs made me run into ſo mean a diſtruſt of you: But forgive me this, and when I fail again diſcard me for ever.

Cam. Yes: But the next time I ſhall happen to diſcourſe with a Gentleman in private, I ſhall have you liſtning at the door or eves-dropping under the window. What, diſtruſt your friend the honourable worthy Mr. *Goodvil!* — fie, how can you be ſo ungenerous?

Val. There is not ſuch another Hypocrite in the World: He never made Love but to delude, nor Friendſhip but for his ends: —— Even his own Kinſwoman, and charge *Victoria* he has long ſince corrupted, and now would put her on his beſt Friend *Truman* for a Wife.

Cam. I cannot but laugh to think, how eaſily he ſwallow'd the cheat: He could not be more tranſported at poſſeſſion, then he was with expectation, and he went away in a greater Triumph then if he had conquer'd the *Indies.*

Val. Where did you promiſe him?

Cam. In the left hand walk in the lower Garden.

L. *Squ* So in the left hand walk in the lower Garden: I heard that. [*Aſide.*
But Mr. *Valentine* you may chance to meet another there:
Let me die, this is pleaſant.

Val. And when?

Cam. Anon when it begins to grow dark.

L. *Squ*

L. Squ. Enough, I know the time and place; and Madam *Camilla*, I ſhall make bold to cheat you of your Lover to night. Alas poor inconſiderable Creature, how this makes me loath her!

Camil. Now would this News be more welcom to her Ladiſhp Madam *Squeamiſh*, then a new Faſhion, a new Dance, or a new Song: How many Viſits would ſhe make on the occaſion! not a Family in Town would be at reſt for her, till ſhe had made it a Jeſt. From the Mother of the Maids, to the Atturney's Wife in *Holborn*.

Val. But for ſome private reaſons I would have kept it from her, and from Madam *Goodvile* too. There are Affairs to be carry'd on to Night, which the leaſt Accident may interrupt.—Beſides, I have thought upon't, and will ſo contrive the matter, that *Goodvile* ſhall keep his Aſſignation, and her Ladiſhip her ſelf ſupply the place of the much expected charming *Camilla*.

Cam. But would you Sir do me ſuch an Injury as to make me break my word with Mr. *Goodvile*? that were inhumane.

Val. Good Conſcionable Creature have patience, and don't you think of paying Debts too faſt, there's an Account yet between you and I which muſt be made even; and I think I had beſt ſecure it now I have you in my cuſtody.

Cam. Ay but Sir, if I part with any thing, I ſhall expect to have ſomething to ſhew for't.

Val. Nay, if I don't offer as luſty ſecurity and conditions as any man, let me loſe all I lay claim to, that's fair. [*Exeunt.*

L. *Squ.* So, are they gone? Now let me but live if this Intrigue be not extreamly ſurprizing. *Bridget* go home, and fetch me the Morning-Gown I had laſt made in imitation of *Camilla*'s, for perhaps I ſhall go a Maſquerading to Night, or it may be not, but fetch it nevertheleſs.

Bridg. Madam, won't the other ſerve? you may remember you left it at my Lady *Foplove*'s t'other Night; that's nearer.

L. *Squ.* Impertinent Creature! and would'ſt thou have me appear in it twice? Do as I bid you, I ſay; And d'ye hear, bring me a Mask with an Amber-Bead, for I fear I may have Fits to Night.

Bridg. I never knew her without fantaſtical ones I am ſure, for they coſt me many a weary Errand. [*Ex.*

Enter Victoria.

L. *Squ.* Oh my dear *Victoria!* the moſt unlookt for happineſs! the pleaſant'ſt accident! the ſtrangeſt diſcovery! the very thought of it were enough to cure melancholy. *Valentine* and *Camilla*, *Camilla* and *Valentine*, ha, ha, ha.

Vict. Dear Madam, what is it ſo tranſports you?

L. *Squ.* Nay, 'tis too precious to be communicated: hold me, hold me, or I ſhall dye with laughter——ha, ha, ha, *Camilla* and *Valentine*, *Valentine* and *Camilla*——ha ha ha.——O dear, my heart's broke.

Vict. Good Madam refrain your mirth a little, and let me know the Story, that I may have a ſhare in it.

L. *Squ.* An Aſſignation! an Aſſignation to Night in the lower Garden. —By ſtrong good fortune I over-heard it all juſt now—but to think on the pleaſant conſequence that will happen, drives me into an exceſs of joy beyond all ſufferance.

Vict. Madam, in all probability the pleaſant'ſt conſequence is like to be theirs if any bodies, and I cannot gueſs how it ſhould touch your Ladiſhip in the leaſt.

L. *Squ.* Oh Lord, how can you be ſo dull? why, at the very hour and place appointed will I meet *Valentine* in *Camilla*'s ſtead, before ſhe can be there her ſelf; then when ſhe comes expoſe her infamy to all the world, till I have throughly reveng'd my ſelf for all the baſe Injuries her Lover has done to me.

Vict. But Madam, can you indure to be ſo malicious?

L. *Squ.* That, that's the dear pleaſure of the thing; for I vow I'd ſooner die ten thouſand deaths, if I thought I ſhould hazard the leaſt temptation to the prejudice of my honour.

Vict. But why ſhould your Ladiſhip run into the mouth of danger? Who knows what ſcurvy lurking Devil may ſtand in readineſs and ſeize your Vertue before you are aware of him?

L. *Squ.* Temptation? No I'd have you know I ſcorn Temptation: I durſt truſt my ſelf in a Convent amongſt a Kennel of Cramm'd Friers: Beſides that ungrateful ill-bredfellow *Valentine* is my mortal averſion: more odious to me then foul Weather on a *May*-Day, or ill ſmell in a Morning.

Vict. Nay, now Madam you are too violent.

L. *Squ.* Too violent! I would not keep a waiting-woman that ſhould commend any one thing about him: Dear *Victoria* urge nothing in his behalf, for if you do, you loſe my friendſhip for ever: Tho' I ſwear he was a fine Perſon once, before he was ſpoil'd.

Vict. I am ſure your Ladiſhip had the beſt ſhare in his ſpoiling then. [*Aſide.*

L. *Squ.* No, were I inclin'd to entertain addreſſes, I aſſure I need not want for Servants: For I ſwear I am ſo perplext with *Billet Deux* every Day, I know not which way to turn my ſelf: Beſides there is no fidelity, no honour in Mankind: Oh dear *Victoria*! whatever you do, never let Love come near your heart: Though really I think true Love is the greateſt pleaſure in the World.

Vict. Would I had never known Love: My honour had not then lain at the mercy of ſo ungrateful a Wretch as *Goodvile*, who now has certainly abandon'd and forgotten me.

L. *Squ.* Well, certainly I am the moſt unſteady reſtleſs humourſome woman breathing: Now am I ſo tranſported at the thoughts of what I have deſign'd, that I long till the hour comes, with more Impatience then —— I'l ſwear I know not what to ſay — Dear *Victoria* ten thouſand adieus — Wiſh me good ſucceſs — Yet now I think on't I'l ſtay a little longer — I'l ſwear I muſt not neither —— Well! I'l go —— No, I'l ſtay —— Well, I am reſolvd neither to ſtand ſtill —— ſit ſtill —— nor lie ſtill —— nor have one thought at reſt —— till the buſineſs be over. —— I'l ſwear I am a ſtrange Creature. [*Exit* L. *Squ.*

Vict. Fare-

Victo. Farewel Whirligig.

Enter *Goodvil.*

Goodv. Victoria here! To meet with an old Miſtreſs when a man is in purſuit of a freſh one, is a worſe Omen then a Hare in a Journey.
I'l ſtep aſide this way till ſhe's paſt me, ſo, farewel Fubb.

[*Makes mouths. Exit* Victo.

Now for the lovely kind yielding *Camilla!* How I long for the happy hour! Swelling burning breaſts, dying eyes, balmy lips, trembling joints, millions of kiſſes and unſpeakable joys wait for me.

Enter Truman *and* Valentine.

Well, Gentlemen! Now you have left the Ladies, I hope there may be room near your hearts for a Bottle or two.

Trum. Dear *Goodvil* thou art too pow'rful to be deny'd any thing. 'Tis a fine cool Evening, and a ſwift Glaſs or two now were ſeaſonable and refreſhing, to waſh away the Toil and Fatigue of the Day.

Val. After a man has been diſturb'd with the publick Impertinences and Follies he meets withall abroad, he ought to recompence himſelf with a Friend and a Bottle in private at Night.

Goodv. Spoken like men that deſerve the life you enjoy: I'l in before and put all things in readineſs. [*Ex.* Goodvil.

Val. This worthy Perſon for his honeſty and ſobriety, would have made a very good *Dutch* Burgomaſter: But he is as damnable an *Engliſh* Friend and Gentleman as one would wiſh to meet withal.

Trum. Valentine, thou art too much concerned at him: Methinks *Camilla*'s Juſtice and the pleaſant Cheat ſhe has put upon him, ſhould rather make thee deſpiſe and laugh at him as I do.

Val. Truman, thou indeed haſt reaſon: And when I ſhall know the happy ſucceſs of the revenge thou haſt in ſtore for him, I may do my Self and Him that Juſtice as ſcorn him, but am too angry yet.

Trum. Then to give thee eaſe (for I dare truſt thee) know this very night I alſo have an Aſſignation with his Wife in the Grotto at the upper end of the Garden, the oppoſite walk to that where he expects to meet *Camilla.*

Val. Then I am at reſt, let's in. I have nothing elſe to do but take care ſo to finiſh him, as that you ſhall fear no Interruption: At leaſt he will be ſo full of his expectation of *Camilla*, that he'l never dream in what poſture his own affairs ſtand in another place.

Trum. Away then: and may good luck attend us: Er'e yet two hours are paſt, his Wife's my own methinks already in that ſecure dark private Grotto.

Cloſe in my arms, and languiſhing ſhe lies,
With dying looks, ſhort breath, and wiſhing eyes;
And the ſupine dull Cuckold nothing ſpies.

[Exeunt.

THE

THE FOURTH ACT.

SCENE *Night-garden.*

Enter Goodvile *at one Door,* *Mrs.* Goodvile *and* Lettice *following her at the other.*

Goodv. SO, I think I came off in good time: hold! now for *Camilla*, by *Jove* I think I am little better then drunk. Hah! who's there, *Victoria* as I live; nay it muſt be ſhe as I ſaid before. The poor Gipſy's jealous; has had ſome intimation of my appointment with *Camilla*: I'll loof off and obſerve which way ſhe ſteers.

Mrs. *Good.* *Lettice* I fear that's Mr. *Goodvil*'s Voice, what ever you doe, if any croſs accident happens, be ſure you call me *Victoria.*

Good. Aye aye, 'tis *Victoria!* Vigilant Devil! but I'll take this way, and wait at the lower end of the Walk.

Mrs. *Goodv.* *Lettice* look well round you that no body ſee us, and then follow me.

Enter Truman.

Trum. Thus far all is well: how I pity poor *Valentine!* yonder is he plying Bumpers as they call 'em, more furiouſly then a Foreign Miniſter that comes into *England* to drink for the Honour of his Country. I have waited ſomething long though, who comes here?

Enter Lettice.

Lett. 'Tis I, Sir, your Servant *Lettice.*

Trum. My little good natur'd Agent is it you? where's thy Lady? ſhe's too cruell to let a poor Lover languiſh here ſo long in expectation: it looks as if ſhe rather meant to make a tryall of my Patience, then my Love: is ſhe coming?

Lett. Well, I ſwear (as my Lady *Squeamiſh* ſays) you are a ſtrange Creature. But I'll goe and tell her: Though I'll vow I utterly diſowne having any hand in this Buſineſs; and if any ill comes of it 'tis none of my fault.

Trum. No no, not in the leaſt, prithee diſpatch. How's this! more company! who comes there?

Enter

Enter Valentine.

Val. 'Tis I, *Jack Truman*, your friend *Valentine*.
Trum. My dear encourager of Iniquity! what news? Where's *Goodvile*?
Val. No matter for *Goodvile*! here comes your Miſtreſs.

Enter Mrs. Goodvile, Valentine *retires*.

Trum. Now, now, now, what the Devil ailes me? how I ſhall quake and tremble?
Madam, dear Madam, where are you?
Mrs. *Goodv.* Mr. *Truman*, is't your voice? *Lettice*, you may goe in again if you will.— [*Ex.* Lettice.
Well, Sir, I'll vow Sir, had it not been that I hate to break my word, I would not have ventur'd abroad this cold damp evening for a World.
Trum. I'll warrant you Madam, whilſt you are in my poſſeſſion, no cold ſhall hurt you: come, ſhall we withdraw to the *Grotto*?
Mrs. *Goodv.* Withdraw to the *Grotto*? bleſs me, Sir! what do you mean? I'll ſwear you make my Heart ake.
Trum. Oh Madam! I have the beſt Cure for the paſſion of the Heart in the World. I have try'd it Madam, 'tis *Probatum*: come, come, let's retire,— do, make a diſturbance and ruine your ſelf and me, do!
Mrs. *Goodv.* Nay, I'll ſwear, Sir, you are inſufferably rude; you had beſt make a noiſe and Alarm my Husband, you had, for hang me I ſhall cry out.
Trum. No, no, I'm ſure you won't complain before you are hurt; and I'll uſe you ſo gently— hark! — don't you hear, there's ſome body coming.
Mrs. *Goodv.* Where, where, where? If we are ſeen we are undone for ever: well, I'll never give you ſuch an advantage again.
Trum. I'm ſure you would not, if I ſhould let ſlip this. Come, come, delayes are dangerous, and I can endure 'em no longer.
Mrs. *Goodv.* Ah Lord you kill me!—what will become of me— ah— [*Carries her in.*
Val. Nay, faith, Madam, your condition is ſomething deſperate that's certain. 'Tis a pretty employment I am like to have here; but it is for the ſake of my Friend and my Revenge: and two dearer Arguments there cannot be to perſwade me to any thing.

Enter Malagene *at ſome diſtance.*

Malag. So, *Jack Truman* and Madam *Goodvile* have ordered matters pretty well; I'll ſay that for my Kinſwoman, ſhe lays about her handſomly; but certainly I hear another Voice this way: I'll withdraw once again, there may be more ſport yet,

Val. That ſhould be *Goodvile:* I'll ſtep behind this Tree, and ſee how he and her Ladyſhip behave themſelves. This is like to be a night of as civil buſineſs as I have known a great while.

Enter Goodvile.

Goodv. Death, and the Devil! how that puny Rogue *Valentine* has ſouced me? if I ſhould have overſtay'd the time now and miſt of my appointment with *Camilla* —— *Truman* is reel'd home that's certain, and *Valentine* I believe has follow'd him by this time. *Camilla*, dear, lovely, kind, tender, melting *Camilla*, where art thou?

Enter Lady Squeamiſh.

L. *Squ.* That muſt be *Valentine*, nay, I am ſure it is he! how ſneakingly will he look when he ſhall find his miſtake? but I'll take care if poſſible that no ſuch thing ſhall happen, ſo mine be the pleaſure, and *Camilla*'s the ſcandall; I'll ruſh by him through the Walk into the Wilderneſs. [*Runs croſs the Walk.*

Goodv. That muſt be ſhe, how ſwiftly ſhe flew along, as if ſhe fear'd to be too late, looſely attired and fit for Joys! Now all the power of Love and good fortune direct me. [*Exit.*

Val. So, thanks to our Stars, he is ſafe; though a Pox on't, methinks this dry pimping is but a ſcurvy employment: had I but a Siſter or Kinſwoman of his to keep doing withall, there were ſome comfort in it,—— but here comes *Truman* and the Lady, I muſt not be ſeen. [*Ex.*

Enter Truman *and Mrs.* Goodvile.

Trum. You ſhall not goe: Come but back a little, I have ſomething more to tell you that nearly concerns us both: beſides, Mr. *Goodvil*'s in the Garden, and if he ſhould chance to meet us, what excuſe could we make to him?

Mrs. *Goodv.* But will you promiſe me *Victoria* ſhall never rob me of your Heart? She does not deſerve it I am ſure half ſo well as I.

Trum. Kind tender hearted Creature I know it: nor ſhall ſhe ever come ſo near it, as to know that I have one: ——alas! we talk too long, [*Noiſe.* I hear company coming, we ſhall be ſurpriz'd, and diſappointed, and then I am undone.

Mrs. *Goodv.* I'll ſwear you make me tremble every Joynt of me: what would you have me doe?

Trum. See, ſee, who are yonder. } *Exeunt* Truman *and* *Mrs.* Goodvile.

Enter

Enter Goodvile *and Lady* Squeamiſh.

Goodv. What a feaſt of delight have I had! ſurely ſhe was born only to make me happy! her naturall and unexperienced Tenderneſs exceeded practis'd Charms: —Dear bleſt lovely *Camilla*, oh! my Joys!

L. *Squ.* Ha, ha, ha!

Goodv. How's this? my Lady *Squeamiſh!* —Death and the Devil.

L. *Squ.* Truly ſweet Mr. *Valentine* the ſame: Now, Sir, I hope—Ugh gad! Mr. *Goodvile!* [*They ſtare at each other.*

Goodv. Have I been mumbling an Old *Kite* all this while inſtead of my Young *Partridge?* a Pox o' my depraved palate that could diſtinguiſh no better.

L. *Squ.* Lord Mr. *Goodvile*, what ayles you! —this was an unexpected Adventure; but let let me dye, it is very pleaſant: ha, ha, ha.

Goodv. A Pox on the pleaſures, and you too I ſay.

L. *Squ.* This malicious Devil *Camilla* has overreached me: —Well Mr. *Goodvile* you are the worthyeſt perſon; —had I an only Daughter, I durſt truſt her with you, you are ſo very civil: —well, Innocence is the greateſt happineſs in the World.

Goodv. Right Madam, it is ſo, and you know we have been very innocent; done no harm in the world, not we.

L. *Squ.* The Cenſorious World if they knew of this Accident, I know would be apt enough to ſpeak reproachfully; but ſo long as I my ſelf am ſatisfyed in the Integrity of my Honour, the World is a thing I defy and ſcorn.

Goodv. Very Philoſophically ſpoken: —But, Madam, ſo long as the World is to be a ſtranger to our Happineſs, why ſhould we deny our ſelves the ſecond pleaſure of Congratulation?

L. *Squ.* Alas, alas, Mr. *Goodvile*, you cannot ſay that you have had the leaſt advantage over my frailty: well, what might have happened if the ſtrict ſeverity of both our vertues had not ſecured us?

Goodv. This affected Impudence of hers is beyond all the impertinence I ever knew her guilty of: —Vertue with a Pox! I think I have reaſon to know her pretty well, and the Devil of any Vertue found I about her.

L. *Squ.* But dear Sir, let us talk no more of it: though I am extreamly miſtaken if I ſaw not Mr. *Valentine* enter the Garden before me, and am as much miſtaken if a Lady was not with him too.

Goodv. Hell and Confuſion! that muſt be *Victoria:* I thought indeed I ſaw her, but being hot-headed, and apprehending ſhe came with a malicious deſign of diſcovering me, avoided her, —— falſe to me with *Valentine?*

L. *Squ.* I'll ſwear Mr. *Goodvile* I have long ſuſpected an Intrigue between you and Madam *Victoria*, and this Jealouſy has confirmed me, and I would not for all the World but have known it. Ha, ha, ha.

Goodv. Death Madam! this is beyond all ſufferance:——diſappointed, and jilted by *Camilla!* abuſed by *Victoria!* and with *Valentine* too, *Trumans* friend, whom I thought ſhould have marry'd her! —— Shame and Infamy light upon the whole Sex! may the beſt of 'em be ever ſuſpected, and the moſt cautious always betray'd.

L. *Squ.* Dear Mr. *Goodvile* be patient: let me dye, you are enough to frighten our whole Sex from ever loving or truſting men again: —— Lord, I would not be poor Madam *Victoria*, to gain an Empire, I'll ſwear if you are not more moderate, you'll diſcompoſe me ſtrangely: —how my heart beats!

Goodv. Patience! preach it to a galled Lyon: ——no, I am ſure ſhe is not far off, and I will find her; ſurprize her in the midſt of her Infamy and proſtitution; ——'Sdeath Madam, let me goe.

L. *Squ.* I will not part with you, you ill-natur'd Creature; you ſhall not goe: —I vow, I'll cry a Rape if you offer to ſtir: ——oh my heart, here's *Malagene.*

Enter Malagene *Singing* Frank, Frank, Frank, *&c.*

Malag. Why how now *Frank*, what a pox, out of humour? Why Madam, what have you done to him; what have you done to him Madam? Lord how he looks! —why *Frank* I ſay, prethee bear up.

Goodv. Hark you Dog fool Coxcomb, hold that impertinent impudent Tongue of yours or I'll cut it out; 'Sdeath you Buffoon I will.

Malag. No, but hark you dear heart, good words, good words do you hear, or I ſhall publiſh, by my Soul Joy, I ſhall.

Goodv. How am I continually plagu'd with Rogues and Owles! I'll ſet my houſe o'fire rather then have it haunted and peſter'd by ſuch Vermine.

Malag. Faith *Frank* doe: I have not ſeen a Houſe o'fire this great while, it would be a pretty Frollick, prethee let us about it preſently.

L. *Squ.* Dear Mr. *Goodvile* you ſhall be perſwaded: don't run your ſelf into danger thus raſhly.

Goodv. Do you hear then, Monſieur *Pimponio*, as you expect to live a quiet hour, run in and call for ſome Lights, and return with 'em inſtantly.

Malag. Say no more Dear Heart; I'll doe't: if miſchief comes not of this the Devil's in't——but dear *Frank* ſtay till I come again, I'll be back in a Trice; take t'other turn with her Ladyſhip into the Wilderneſs; or any thing. *Ex.* Malag.

L. *Squ.* Let me not live, this Mr. *Malagene* is a very obliging Perſon, and methinks Mr. *Goodvile* you uſe him too ſeverely.

Goodv. I wiſh Madam he may deſerve that Character of you: he is one of thoſe Worldlings you were ſpeaking of, that are apt to talk reproachfully: and I believe knows all that has paſt between us to night, for he has a ſhrewd diſcerning Judgment in theſe matters.

L. *Squ.*

L. *Squ.* Lord Mr. *Goodvile* what can he ſay of me? I deſye even Envy it ſelf to doe me or my Honour any prejudice: though I wiſh I had let this Frollick alone to night.

Goodv. Frollick with a Pox! —if theſe be her Frollicks, what the Devil is ſhe when ſhe is in earneſt? Oh he returns with the Lights: —look who are theſe? by Heaven the ſame.

Enter Truman *and Mrs.* Goodvile.

Trum. Gently, gently Madam, for fear of an Ambuſcade; I wonder I hear nothing from *Ned Valentine* ſince?

Mrs. *Godv.* See, ſee Sir, here's Mr. *Goodvile:* haſte, haſte down the other Walk, or we are ruin'd.

Trum. Fear not, truſt all to my Conduct. [*Exeunt.*

{ *As Mrs.* Goodvile *is going away,* Goodvile *catches hold of her Gown* —— *ſhe claps on her Maſque.*

Goodv. Stay Madam *Victoria*, nay you may ſtay, 'tis in vain to flye, I have diſcovered all your falſhood, I have: was mine a paſſion to be thus abuſed? I who have given you all my Heart! perfidious falſe Woman!—is your Lover too aſhamed or afraid to ſhew himſelf? where is he? why comes he not forth?

Enter Truman.

Trum. Here I am Sir.

Goodv. Hah! *Truman!* [*Mrs.* Goodv. *gets looſe and Ex.*

Trum. Yes Sir, the ſame: ready both to acknowledge and juſtify my being here with *Victoria*, which I thought Sir, might have been allowed without any offence to Mr. *Goodvile.* That ſhe is Innocent as to any thing on my part, I am ready with my Sword to make good; but Sir, I wear it too to doe my own Honour Juſtice, and to demand of you on what grounds you appear ſo highly concern'd for a Woman you were pleaſed to commend to your friend for a Wife?

Goodv. Concern'd Sir! have I not reaſon to be concern'd for the Honour of my Family? for a Kinſwoman under my charge to be abroad and alone with a Gentleman at this unſeaſonable hour, might alarm a Man leſs tender of his reputation then I am.

Trum. Sir, this excuſe won't ſerve my turn; nor am I ſo blind as not to be ſenſible (which I before ſuſpected,) that *Victoria* has been long your Miſtreſs: —A pox of the Honour of your Family, you had given her all your Heart you ſaid; and your Paſſion was not a thing to be thus abuſed: nor Sir, is my Honour.

Goodv. No, but dear *Jack Truman*, thou art my Friend.

Trum. You would have made me believe ſo indeed; but the daubing was too courſe, and the Artificiall Face appeared too plain: —One would have thought Sir, that you who keep a generall Decoy here for Fools and

Coxcombs, might have found one to have recompenced a Caſt Miſtreſs withall, and not have indeavour'd the betraying the Honour of a Gentleman and your Friend: but Sir, I am glad I have heard it from your own mouth: I hope it will not be eſteemed much ill-nature in me, if worthy Mr. *Malagene* and I, joyn forces to publiſh a little, as he calls it.

Malag. Faith *Jack Truman*, with all my heart; now I have him on my ſide, I dare ſay any thing——*Frank Goodvile*——pugh.

Goodv. Sir, I ſhall require a better account of this hereafter.

L. *Squ.* Lord Mr. *Truman*, what ayles Mr. *Goodvile?* how happen'd this difference? ——I'll ſwear I am ſtrangely ſurprized.

Trum. Your Ladyſhip I ſuppoſe can beſt give an account how matters are with him: I am apt to believe he has been very free with you.

L. *Squ.* Dear Sir, what do you mean? I'll ſwear you are a ſcandalous Perſon.

Goodv. Sir, ſince you are ſo rough, be pleaſed not to concern your ſelf with the Honour of this Lady; you may have enough to doe if you dare juſtify your own to morrow.

Trum. If I dare? —nay Sir, ſince you queſtion it, I'll convince you preſently; ——Draw. [*They fight.*

Enter Valentine.

Val. Hold, hold, what's the matter here? —*Jack Truman*, *Frank Goodvile*, for ſhame put up.

Enter Mrs. Goodvile.

Mrs. *Goodv.* Where is this perfidious falſe man? where is Mr. *Goodvile?* So Sir, I have found now the Originall of all my Misfortunes: I have a Rivall it ſeems; *Victoria*, the happy *Victoria*, poſſeſſes all my Joys: what, have you been fighting too for the Honour of your Miſtreſs? ——here, come kill me: would I had been lain in my Grave, e're I had known thy odious polluted Bed.

Goodv. 'Sdeath I thought ſhe had been in her Chamber this hour at leaſt: ——'Tis true my Dear, I muſt own a kindneſs for *Victoria*, as my Kinſwoman; but——

Mrs. *Goodv.* How! dare you own it? and to my face too? matchleſs Impudence! let me come at him, that I may tear out thoſe hot laſcivious glowing Eyes that wander after every Beauty in their way: ——oh! that I could blaſt him with a look! ——was my Love ſo deſpicable to be abandon'd for *Victoria*'s! The thought of it makes me mad: I'll indure it no longer, I will have Revenge or I will dye! Oh!

Trum. Delicate Diſſimulation! How I love her!

Goodv. Dear Madam hear me ſpeak——Madam, I ſay that——

Mrs. *Goodv.*

Mrs. *Goodv.* I know you cannot want an excuſe, Diſſimulation and Falſhood have been your practice: —— But that you ſhould wrong me with *Victoria*, a Woman that for the ſake of your Relation I had made my Friend, (for every thing that was ally'd to you was dear to me,) is an injury ſo great, that it diſtracts my Reaſon: —— I could pardon any thing but my wrong'd Love.—Let me be gone; ſend me to a Nunnery; confine me to a charnel Houſe, Vile Ungrateful Wretch, any thing but thy preſence can endure.

Goodv. Is there every way ſo damn'd a Creature as a Wife? —— Lord Madam, do you know what you do?

Mrs. *Goodv.* I'le warrant it, you would perſwade me I am mad: —— Would I had been born a Fool! I might then have been happy: Patiently have paſs'd over the many tedious Nights I have indured in your abſence: Contented my ſelf with Prayers for your ſafety.

Mal. Oh! Lord, Prayers!

Mrs. *Goodv.* When you in the very inſtant were languiſhing in the Arms of a Proſtitute.

Goodv. Lord, Madam, I thought you had been in your Chamber now: — Curſe on her what ſhall I do!

Mrs. *Goodv.* 'Tis a ſign you believed me ſafe enough; you would not certainly elſe have had the Impudence to have brought a new Miſtreſs under my Noſe: —— I ſee there how guilty ſhe ſtands; —— have you a ſtomach ſo hot that it can digeſt Carrion that has been buzz'd about and blown upon by all the Flies in the Town? Or was it the fantaſticalneſs of your Appetite, to try how ſo courſe a Diſh would reliſh, after being cloyed with better feeding? —— Nay Sir I have been informed of all. —

Val. Has then your Vertuous Ladiſhip been taking a little Love and Air with Mr. *Goodvil* this Evening? [*To La.* Squeamiſh.

Goodv. Well, ſhe has dealt with the Devil that's certain: —A Pox on't, I ſee there's no living for me in this ſide of the World: —— Go, let the Coach be made ready; I'le into the Country.

Mrs. *Goodv.* Nay Sir I know my preſence has always been uneaſie to you; Day and Night you are from me, or if ever you come home, 'tis with an aking Head, and heavy Heart, which *Victoria* only has Charms enough to Cure. This in the firſt year of our Marriage! Nay and to own it! Proclaim your own Falſhood and my diſgraceful Injury in the face of the World, when *Malagene* too, the Trumpet of all the Scandal in Town was by, to be a Witneſs: — 'Twas very diſcreetly done, and doubtleſs will be a Secret long.

Goodv. Whirr, —— Nay ſince it is ſo, why the Devil ſhould I ſtrive to ſmother my good Actions? —Well, if you will have it ſo, Madam *Victoria* has been my Miſtreſs, is my Miſtreſs, and ſhall be my Miſtreſs, and what a Pox would you have more? and ſo God b'ye to you.

Enter

Enter Sir Noble, Caper, *and* Saunter.

S. *Nob.* How's this! Who's that ſpeaks diſhonourably of my Love, and Lady that ſhall be, *Victoria?* Before *George* ſhe's a Queen, and whoever ſays to the contrary, I'le firſt make him eat my Sword, and then beat out his Teeth with the Hilts of it.

Cap. Oh! Dear Madam, yonder's all the Town in Maſquerade; won't you walk in? they'l be gone if they ſee no Company: *Jack Truman*, dear *Jack* prithee go and take one friſk: —— As I hope to be ſaved, there are Three or Four the fineſt Ladies, the delicateſt ſhaped Women; I am ſure I know 'em all.

Tru. Sir I wiſh you good Fortune, but I dare not venture, you know my Temper; I ſhall be very boiſterous and miſtake 'em for Whores, though if they be of your Acquaintance, I know they muſt be of Quality.

Cap. I Gad, and ſo they are, but Mum for that: —— One of 'em is ſhe that gave me this Ring; and the other preſented me with a Gold enamelled Watch could not coſt leſs than Thirty Guinnies: —— Trifles *Jack* which I have the Fortune to meet withal ſometimes.

Saunt. Nay Sir you muſt not come off ſo, —— *Victoria* your Miſtreſs!

Goodv. Yes Sir, and how are you concern'd at it?

Saunt. Nay Sir I can be as civil as any body, —— *Victoria* your Miſtreſs!

Goodv. 'S death you Coxcomb, mind your ſinging, do you hear? and play the Fool by your ſelf, or ——

Saunt. Sing Sir? ſo I can, *Fa La Da La La*, &c. *Victoria* your Miſtreſs!

Goodv. Yes Sir, I ſay my Miſtreſs.

S. *Nob.* Ounds, then Draw.

Val. Hold Sir *Noble*, you are too furious; what's the matter?

Cap. Why how now *Saunter*? How doſt doe dear Heart? —— Sir, this Gentleman's my Friend, and ——

Goodv. Was ever man ſo overwhelm'd with Fools and Blockheads? Why you ill-ordered Addle-pated wadling brace of Puppies: —— You Fool, in the firſt place ſing and be ſafe, —— and you ſlight Graſhopper dance and divert me: Dance Sirrah, do you hear?

Cap. Dance Sir? and ſo I think I can Sir, and Fence, and play at Tennis, and make Love, and fold up a Billet Doux, or any thing better then you Sir: Dance quoth a —— there Sir.

Mrs. *Goodv.* Nay Sir *Noble*, not only ſo, but own'd and boaſted of it to my Face: Told me ——

S. *Nob.* Soul of my Honour, 'tis unpardonable: and I'le eat his Heart for it.

Goodv. Dear raw Head and bloody Bones be patient a little: —— See ſee you Beagles, Game for you, freſh Game; that great Towſer has ſtarted it already, on, on, on, halloo, halloo, halloo.

[*Thruſts 'em at his Wife, and* Exit.

L. *Squ.* But Dear Mr. *Caper*, Maſqueraders did you ſay! I'le ſwear I'le among 'em, ſhall I not have your Company? Oh! Dear Maſqueraders! I'le vow I can ſtay no longer. [Exit *haſtily.*

Val. Curſe on her, ſhe's gone and has prevented me: —— *Caper*, *Saunter*, did you not hear my Lady call you? She's gone to the Maſqueraders, for ſhame follow her; ſhe'l take it ill you did not wait on her.

Saunt. Faith *Caper* and ſo ſhe will. Well I am reſolved to Marry *Victoria* for fear of the worſt: —— Madam your moſt Devoted Servant: I hope our difference with Mr. *Goodvil* to Night ——

Mrs. *Goodv.* Dear Sir it needs no excuſe.

Cap. My reſentments Madam ——

Tru. You are too Ceremonious Gentlemen, and my Lady will fear ſhe has loſt you.

Cap. Dear *Jack*, as I told thee before, I muſt bring thee acquainted with thoſe Ladies.

Saunt. Prithee put on a Maſque and come among us, *Jack*, Faith do.

Tru. Sirs, I'le wait on you in a moment.

Both. Dear Soul Adieu. [*Embracing him.*

[Exeunt *Singing and Dancing.*

Tru. Theſe Coxcombs, Madam, came in a good time, they were never ſeaſonable before.

Mrs. *Goodv.* Diſeaſes and Viſitations are neceſſary ſometimes to ſweep away the noiſome Crowds that infeſt and incumber the World.

Mal. As I have often ſaid I muſt publiſh, I muſt ſpread; and ſo God b'ye to you. [*Exit.*

Enter Lettice.

Lettice. Oh! Madam, yonder's my Maſter raving for his Coach: Says he'l into the Country preſently: Has given order to diſperſe the Company, what will you do?

Mrs. *Goodv.* Let him go, 'twere pity to hinder him: —— ha! ha! ha! into the Country? I'd as ſoon believe he would turn Capuchin.

Tru. But Madam 'twas inhumanly done, to come your ſelf upon him: One would have thought that I had uſed him bad enough, for the wiſe miſtake he made of *Victoria*.

Mrs. *Goodv.* I would not have miſs'd it for the World: Now would he come on his Knees for Compoſition; and if I do not bring him to it within theſe four hours ——

Tru. Why Madam, what will you do?

Mrs. *Goodv.* Put on all the notorious Affectations and ridiculous Impertinencies that ever the moſt eminent of our Sex have ſtudied, or the Coxcombs of your Sex admired; then of a ſudden ſeem to grow fond of both thoſe Clincant Fools, which I am ſure he of all things loaths; Yet do it too ſo forc'dly, that he himſelf ſhall find it only intended to give him vexation.

Tru. Have you then malitiouſly deſigned in ſpight of Nature, to keep me conſtant?

Mrs. *Goodv.*

Mrs. *Goodv.* Which you will be ſure to be! ——

Tru. A Dozen new freſh young unſeen Beauties, and the Devil himſelf in the Rear of 'em, cannot make me otherwiſe: I never really Lov'd or Liv'd till now: There is nothing I'de not wiſh to be, except the very Husband himſelf, rather then loſe you.

Enter Valentine *and* Camilla.

Val. *Jack Truman*!

Tru. Well, *Ned*, what's the matter?

Val. Treaſon *Truman*; your being here with Mrs. *Goodvil* I fear is diſcovered; I heard ſome ſuch thing whiſper'd among the Maſqueraders, and *Goodvil* himſelf ſeems ſuddenly alter'd; I would adviſe you to come and ſhew your ſelf, and make the beſt on't.

Mrs. *Goodv.* Let me alone; I'le ſecure all I'le warrant you: I'm ſure he can have no poſitive proofs: I'le inſtantly go and put all things in a confuſion, contradict all the orders he has given for going into the Country; ſhut up my ſelf in my Chamber, and not hear a word of him till he comes upon ſubmiſſion: —— *Lettice* follow me to my Chamber preſently.

[*Exit.*

Tru. Right exquiſite Woman and Wife, good Luck attend thee.

[*Exit.*

Lettice. Well, my Lady certainly of a young Lady knows her buſineſs, and underſtands the managing of a Husband the beſt of any Woman in the World: I'le ſwear ſhe is an ingenious perſon: Forty Ladies now at ſuch an accident, would have been hurried and afraid, and the poor waiting Woman muſt have been ſent forward and backward, and backward and forward to hearken and inquire, but ſhe ſhows all her changes in a motion.

Enter Goodvil.

Goodv. How now *Lettice?* where's your Lady?

Lettice. Within Sir, in her Chamber.

Goodv. Are you ſure of it?

Lettice. Sir ſhe commanded me to follow her thither but now.

Goodv. Is ſhe alone there?

Lettice. Ay Sir, I'le aſſure you ſhe ſeldome deſires Company: —— But I muſt haſten and follow her.

Goodv. Stay a little, are you ſure ſhe was in the Houſe, before this diſturbance hapned in the Garden?

Lettice. Sure Sir! why I my ſelf was at the Chamber window with her when firſt ſhe heard you exclaim againſt Madam *Victoria*! Poor Creature, I was afraid ſhe would have fallen down dead on the floor: I catch'd her in my Arms, beg'd of her on my knees not to [illegible] out; but ſhe would hear nothing, but ſpight of force broke from me, and came hither with all that Impatience

Impatience and Rage, the too ſenſible reſentment of your unkindneſs had rais'd in her.

Goodv. Get you in preſently, do you hear? and take no notice of what I have ſaid to you, as you tender your well-being.

Lettice. Yes Sir: —— But if I conceal a word of it, may I never ſerve *London* Lady again, but be condemn'd to be a Country-Chamber-Maid, and kill fleas as long as I live.

Goodv. If I ſhould have been in the wrong all this while, and miſtaken my own Dear Wife for *Victoria*! —— Ah! Curſe on this hot head of mine! Pox on't it is impoſſible! Yet that miſchievous Rogue *Malagene* was all the while in the Garden, and he has been at his Doubts and Ambiguities, and may-be's with me: —— By this Light I am a Cuckold, an Arrant Rank ſtinking Cuckold.

Enter Victoria.

Victo. What will become of me! whither ſhall I fly to hide my misfortune? Oh! that I might never ſee the Light again, but be for ever conceal'd in theſe ſhades.

Goodv. Dear *Victoria* is it you? be free with me; were you really in the Garden before, to night, or no?

Victo. I have not been out of the Houſe ſince it was dark, till this minute, nor had I come hither now, but that I am deſtitute where to conceal my ſelf from the malitious Eyes and Tongues of thoſe, to whom your baſeneſs has given an opportunity of Triumphing over my Misfortune and ruin'd Honour.

Goodv. Be not ſo outragious; I'le reconcile all yet.

Victo. Which way is it poſſible? By to Morrow morning your very Footmen will have it in their mouths; and *Malagene* that keeps an Office of Intelligence for all the Scandal in Town, will be ſpreading it among his Coffee-Houſe Companions, and at the Play whiſper it to the Orange Women, who ſhall make a fulſome jeſt of it to the next Coxcomb that comes in half drunk, to Loll and Play, and be nauſeouſly lewd with 'em in publick.

Goodv. I tell thee it ſhall not be; *Malagene*'s my Creature, or at leaſt, henceforth I'le make him ſo; I have reaſons for it, and to believe alſo that my Wife, my own delicate damn'd Wife, was the ſame I miſtook for you in the Garden to night.

Victo. 'Tis true, I was at the ſame time to ſee for her in her Chamber, and ſhe was not there; but cannot believe her in the leaſt guilty of what you ſeem to accuſe her of.

Goodv. Confound her: —— She's an exquiſite Jilt, thorough paced, and practiſed in all the cunning Arts and Sleights of Falſhood: 'Sdeath how I could mince her! But here comes *Malagene*, he knows all, and I'le make him confeſs all, or I'le murder him.

Enter Malagene.

Well Sir what ſay you to this matter?

Mal. Faith Bully I think my dear Kinſwoman has maul'd you to ſome purpoſe; I'le ſay this for her, ſhe has the true blood of the *Malagene's* in her: To lol dara lal, *&c.*

Goodv. What is't you mean Fool? Be plain, and unfold your ſelf.

Mal. Why you muſt know *Frank*, having a particular eſteem for my Family, (the neareſt Relation of which, I would go Fifty Miles to ſee hang'd) I do think her as very a —— But no more, —— Mum dear Heart, Mum, I ſay.

Goodv. What's that you ſay Sir? what do you think my Wife?

Mal. Ay, what, *Frank*? what? now.

Goodv. Nay Sir, that you muſt reſolve me.

Mal. Why then I'le tell the *Frank*; doſt thou really think I love thee?

Goodv. I know you'l ſay ſo Sir, becauſe you fear me.

Mal. Then prithee do ſo much as lend me ten Guinies for a day or two.

Goodv. Oh Sir to the purpoſe, to the purpoſe; be brief.

Mal. Nay then, Mum I ſay again.

Goodv. Will you never leave vexing me with your Impertinence? Muſt I be always forc'd to uſe you ill, to bring you to good manners?

Mal. Faith Child, I am loth to make miſchief; I have been a very wicked ill-natur'd Impudent Fellow, that's the truth on't: But I find I loſe my ſelf by it: The very Poets themſelves that were wont to ſtand in awe of me, care not a louſe for me now; and there's not a common Whore in Town, but calls me Rogue and Raſcal to my Face, as Impudently, as if I were her Pimp.

Goodv. Therefore Sir reſolve to turn honeſt, and be juſt to your Friend.

Mal. The Devil take me *Frank*, if thou art not a very Impertinent Fellow: —— Know! why who ſhould know better than your ſelf? Hah!

Goodv. Here are Five Guinies for you, upon Condition you make a full and true Relation of all you have diſcover'd this night.

Mal. I'le do't; down with your duſt.

Goodv. What will not this Rakehel do to borrow money? I know him make Love to a Chamber-Maid till he had borrowed Five Pounds of her at half a Crown a time.

Mal. Well *Frank Goodvil*, you may think as you pleaſe of me; but hang me like a Dog if I am not a very honeſt Fellow in my heart: —— You would have me deal freely with you, you ſay, in this Buſineſs?

Goodv. I would ſo Sir, or I ſhall deal very roughly with you.

Mal. And you lent me theſe Five Guinies to that purpoſe?

Goodv. You are much in the right Sir.

Mal. Then to make ſhort of the matter; thou art as arrant a poor ſilly Cuckold as one would wiſh to drink withal, and Confound me if I ſhall not be aſham'd of thy Company.

Goodv.

Goodv. Confounded VVhore! — Oh for a Legion of Devils to hurry her to Hell, and that I had but the driving of 'em!

Mal. Nay nay Man, ſince 'tis ſo, never be angry for the matter: what a Pox, you thought to put the Miſtreſs upon *Truman*! *Truman* has put the Cuckold upon you; *Valentine* has been Pimp in the buſineſs; and the Devil take me if I don't think my ſelf the honeſteſt Fellow amongſt you.

Victo. Now Sir conſider what a wretched thing you have made me.

Goodv. No more; I'm thine, and here I ſeal my heart to thee for ever.

Mal. Well *Frank*, can I ſerve thee any further in this Buſineſs?

Goodv. That Sir, is as time ſhall try: And to convince you how fit I think you for my purpoſe, I know you are a Raſcal not to be truſted: Therefore obſerve it, if you offer to ſtir beyond the Limits I ſet you, at that very inſtant I'le Murder you.

Mal. Prithee talk not to me of Limits and Murdering, I hope you take me Sir (under the Roſe) for no Fool: And what a Pox do you think to make of me?

Goodv. A Spaniel to Hunt and Set the Game I mean to take: Oh! *Malagene*, there will be miſchief *Malagene*, and new ripe freſh Scandal to treat of: I know it is an Office thou loveſt, and therefore do it to oblige thee.

Mal. I'Faith, and ſo I do with all my heart: But *Frank*, I don't know how this Buſineſs will be brought about well: I have promiſed to meet Two or Three hearty old Souls to Morrow at Dinner, to Swear and Drink, and talk Baudy and Treaſon together for an hour or Two, they are all Atheiſts, and very honeſt Fellows.

Goodv. Oh Sir you may be hang'd in good time: But for this preſent occaſion I muſt uſe you: *Victoria*, do you with all your utmoſt Art diſſemble but the leaſt knowledg of what has happen'd to night: And Sir do you keep ſtill that lying ſnearing ugly merry Face which you always wear when you deſign Miſchief: I'le pretend this morning to purſue my Deſign of going into the Country; then when they are in the height of their pleaſures and aſſurance of their ſafety, return and ſurprize 'em.

Victo. But do you believe Sir that you can utterly abandon all ſenſe of your paſt Love and Tenderneſs for a Woman, who has been ſo Dear to you? You will be apt to relapſe again.

Goodv. I will ſooner return to my Vomit: I am rather glad of the occaſion to be rid of ſo troubleſome uneaſie a burden: A Wife after a Year, like a Garment that has been worn too long, hangs looſe and awkardly on a Man, and grows a Scandal to him that wears it.

Victo. But can you then reſolve to quit and diſown her for ever?

Goodv. For ever my *Victoria*! — No more, but ſtraight go to thy Chamber and wait for the happy Iſſue: — You Sir keep cloſe to me: — Quit her! as chearfully, as I would a Shooe that wrings me. Then how looſely ſhall I move,

Free and unbounded, taſte the ſweets of Life!
Love where I pleaſe, and know no more the ſtrife
That's bred by that Domeſtick Plague, call'd Wife. [Exeunt.

THE FIFTH ACT.

SCENE Victoria's *Chamber.*

Enter Victoria.

Vict. NOW I am ſatisfi'd I muſt be wretched! Oh Love! Unhappy Women's Curſe, and Men's ſlight Game to paſs their idle time at: I find too in my ſelf the Common companion of Infamy, Malice. Has *Goodvile*'s Wife ever wrong'd me? Never. Why then ſhould I conſpire to betray her? No, let my Revenge light wholly on that falſe perjur'd Man; as he has deceiv'd and ruin'd me, I'le play falſe with him, make my ſelf privy to his whole Deſign of ſurprizing *Truman* and his Wife together: Then like a true Mrs. betray his Counſels to her, That ſhe like a true Wife may ſpight of his Teeth deceive him quite, And ſo I have the pleaſure of ſeeing him a ſeal'd ſtigmatiz'd fond believing Cuckold: 'Twill at leaſt be ſome eaſe to me. Here he comes equip't and prepar'd for the pretended Journey.

Enter Goodvil *and* Boy.

Goodv. Go bid the Coachman haſten, and get all things ready: I am uneaſie till I am gone. 'Tis time we were ſet out.

The Wolves have prey'd, and look the gentle Day
Before the Wheels of Phœbus *all about*
Dapples the Drouſie Eaſt with Spots of Gray.

Wife! Adieu dear Wife. Ah my *Victoria*, up already? ſo diligent to wiſh me a happy Journey? Certainly my good Angel is like Thee, and whenſoe'r I err muſt meet me in thy ſhape. And with ſuch ſoftneſs ſmile and direct me.

Vict. *As thoſe whom Will with the Wiſp bewitches*
Through Bogs, through Hedges and Ditches.

Goodv. No: Thou haſt led me out of the crooked froward Road of Matrimony, into the pleaſant eaſie path of Love, where I can never leave my

my way, and muſt be always happy: But where's *Malagene*?

Vitlo. Below with Sir *Noble*. Whilſt the Butler was aſleep they ſtole the Key from him: And there they are with the Fat-Red-Fac'd-Fidler that plays upon the Baſe, ſitting Croſs-leg'd upon the Floor, ſtript to their Shirts, and drinking Bawdy-Healths.

Goodv. That fulſome Rogue will ruin all our Buſineſs. See here what I have diſcover'd juſt now in the private Corner of a Window, (a place I ſuppoſe appointed for the purpoſe!) I found this Billet to my ſweet Wife.

Reads. *If* Goodvil *goes out of Town this morning, let me know it, that I may wait on you, and tell you the reſt of my Heart, for you do not know how much I love you yet,* Truman.

Now if I am not a Cuckold let any honeſt Wittall judg, ha, ha, ha. How it pleaſes me! Blood! Fire! and Daggers!

Vitlo. But Sir! what do you reſolve on?

Goodv. As I told Thee, inſtantly to pretend a Journey out of Town, and return and ſurprize 'em; for I am ſure they'l not be long aſunder when I am out of the way: Oh! this Billet is a very honeſt Billet, and I know won't lie. But why ſhould I ſpend my Time in talking of what but vexes me, when pleaſures are ſo near me? Come my *Victoria* take me to thy arms, a moments Joy with Thee, would ſweeten Years of Cares. The Devil—

Enter Mrs. Goodvil, *and* Lettice.

Mrs. *Goodv.* Good morning to you Sir.

Goodv. Good night to you Madam.

Mrs. *Goodv.* How ſo Sir?

Goodv. Why good night or good morrow, 'tis all one; Ceremony is the leaſt thing I take care of: You ſee I am buſie.

Mrs. *Goodv.* I muſt confeſs, conſidering the humble Duty of a Wife, 'tis ſomething rude in me, to interrupt you, but I hope when you know my intentions, you'l pardon me. They were only to take a civil leave of you: I find you are preparing for the Country Sir.

Goodv. Ay! A little Air will be very ſeaſonable at preſent Madam, I ſhall grow rank elſe, and all the Company I keep will ſmell me out.

Mrs. *Goodv.* Oh what joy will fill each neighbouring Village! to hear our Landlords Honour's coming down. The Bells ſhall jangle out of Tune all Day; and at night the Curate of the Hamlet comes in the name of the whole Pariſh to bid his Patron welcome into the Country, and invite himſelf the next Lords Day to Dinner.

Goodv. I am glad to ſee you ſo pleaſant Madam.

Mrs. *Goodv.* Then the next Morning our Tenants dainty Daughter is ſent with a Preſent of Pippins of the largeſt Size, cull'd by the good old Drudg her Mother, which ſhe delivers with a Curt'ſie, and bluſhes in expectation of what his VVorſhip will beſtow upon her.

Goodv.

Goodv. Oh Madam, let not any thoughts of that Nature diſturb you, I ſhall leave all my wanton Inclinations here, and only pleaſe my ſelf when I am there ſometimes to contemplate your Ladiſhips Picture in the Gallery.

Mrs. *Goodv.* Then come the Country Squires, and their Dogs, the cleanlier ſort of Creatures of the Two: Straight w'are invited to the noble Hunt, and not a Deer in all the Foreſt's ſafe.

Goodv. No Madam: No horned Beaſt ſhall ſuffer for my pleaſure: I am lately grown a Philoſopher, Madam; and find, we ought not hurt our fellow Creatures.

Mrs. *Goodv.* What is the reaſon that you uſe me thus?

Goodv. What is't I would not do to purchaſe quietneſs? Your injurious ſuſpicions of me were tolerable, but the wrongs your Jealouſie has done *Victoria*——

Mrs. *Goodv.* I jealous of *Victoria!* No. Tho' my paſſion laſt night made me extravagant, when I diſcover'd you with that naughty Lady *Squeamiſh* which I can eaſily forgive, if you'l but promiſe to forget her: For I am confident it was your firſt Tranſgreſſion.

Goodv. Very quaint and pretty.

Mrs. *Goodv.* Yet I am too well ſatisfi'd of *Victoria*'s Vertue, for ſhe's my Friend, and though I ſhould ſee her in your Arms I could not harbour ſuch a thought. No, *Victoria*, you muſt love me, and I'le love you; you ſhall call me your Love, and I'le call you my Dear, and we'l always go to the Play together, and to the Park together, and every where together; and when Mr. *Goodvil*'s out of Town, we'l lie together.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir the Coach is ready.

Goodv. You think Madam, you have a fine eaſie Fool to play withal, but the gayneſs of your Face is too thin to hide the rancour of your Heart; and ſo my Dear jocund witty Devil Wife, I take my leave of you, never more from this minute to look on you.

Mrs. *Goodv.* Are you then inexorable? Relentleſs, cruel Man!

Goodv. Good eaſie melting kind-hearted Woman farewel. [*Exit.*

Mrs. *Goodv.* Ah wretched me.

Lettice. My Lady Swoons, Dear Madam *Victoria* haſten, and bring my Maſter back again, you can do any thing with him. [*Ex.* Victo.

Mrs. *Goodv.* No no, *Lettice*! Let him alone, art thou ſure he's gone?

Lettice. I hope ſo Madam.

Mrs. *Goodv.* Then ſo ſoon as I am return'd to my Chamber, be ſure you go your ſelf to Mr. *Truman*, and tell him if he has nothing elſe to do he may come hither to Day.

Enter Victoria.

Vict. There is no prevailing with him, he cries aloud his Houſe is infected,

fected, and that no man that values his Health will ſtay in it. My Lady *Squeamiſh* too is arriv'd juſt as he left the Door: I am ſure ſhe'l come in, will you ſee her Madam?

Mrs. *Goodv.* Oh I am ſick at the very name of her: Let all the Doors be barr'd againſt her, and Gunpowder under each Threſhold-place, ready to blow her up, if ſhe but offer an entrance. *Lettice*, lend me your hand a little: I'l to my Chamber inſtantly: Oh my Head! [*Ex. with* Lettice.

Vitio. This management of hers ſo charms me, that I can almoſt forget all the miſchief ſhe has done me: 'tis true ſhe reproacht me, but 'twas done ſo handſomely that I had doubly deſerv'd it to have taken notice of it.

Enter L. Squeamiſh.

L. *Squea.* Oh Dear *Victoria*, what will become of me! I am loſt and undone for ever: Oh I ſhall die, I ſhall die; the Lord of my Heart, the Jewel of my Soul is falſe to me.

Vitio. What ails your Ladiſhip? Surely ſhe's diſtracted?

L. *Squea.* Oh *Goodvil*, *Goodvil*! the falſe, cruel, remorſeleſs *Goodvil*! I came juſt as his Coach was parting from the Door, yet he would not ſpeak to me, would hardly ſee me, but away he drove, and ſmiling mockt my ſorrows.

Vitio. Alas! Her Ladiſhip is paſſionate, as I live very paſſionate.

L. *Squea.* So *Theſeus* left the Wretched *Ariadne* on the ſhoar, ſo fled the falſe *Æneas* from his *Dido*.

Vitio. What could you expect leſs of him, Madam? Falſhood is his province: Your Ladiſhip ſhould have made choice of a civil ſober diſcreet Perſon, but *Goodvil* you know is a Spark, a very Spark.

L. *Squea.* That, that has been my ruine, it was therefore I ador'd him, what Woman would doat on a dull melancholy Aſs, becauſe ſhe might be ſure of him? No, a Spark is my Life, my Darling, the joy of my Soul, Oh how I doat on a Spark! I could live and die with a Spark. *Victoria*, I make you a Confident, and you muſt pardon me for robbing you of Mr. *Goodvil*: Come come, I know all.

Vitio. Your Ladiſhip knows more then all the World beſides.

L. *Squea.* And as I was ſaying, A Spark is the Deareſt thing to me in the World: I have had acquaintance I think with all the Sparks: Well; one of 'em that you know was a ſweet Perſon: Oh he danc'd and ſung and dreſt to a Miracle, and then he ſpoke *French* as if he had been bred all his life time at *Paris*, and admir'd every thing that was *French*: Beſides he would look ſo languiſhingly, and liſp ſo prettily when he talkt; and then never wanted diſcourſe: I'l ſwear he has entertain'd me two hours together with the deſcription of an *Equipage*.

Vitio. That muſt needs be very charming.

L. *Squea.* But Mr. *Goodvil* was a Wit too: Oh I never had a Wit before, for to ſpeak the Truth, now I think on't better, all my Lovers have been a little Fooliſh I'l ſwear, ha, ha, ha. [*Sir* Noble *and* Malagene *at the Door drunk.*

Malag.

Malag. Scour, ſcour, ſcour.

Sir *Nob.* Down goes the Main-Maſt, down, down, down. [*They enter. Malagene* roar, roar, and raviſh, here are punks in beaten Sattin, Sirrah; Termagant, triumphant, firſt-rate Punks, you Rogue.

Victor. How came theſe Ruffians here?

Sir *Nob.* Ruffians! do you know who you talk to Madam? I am a civill, ſober, diſcreet perſon; and come particularly to embrace thy lovely Body.

Malag. Look you Madam, make no noiſe about this matter. This is a perſon of quality and a friend of mine, therefore pray be civill.

L. *Squ.* Has Mr. *Goodvile* left no Footmen at home to cudgell ſuch Fops? Fogh—— how like drunken journy-men Tailors they look?

Malag. Journey-men Madam! hold there! none of your Ladyſhips Journey-men, that's one comfort! woe to the poor Devil that is I ſay.

L. *Squ.* Were Mr. *Goodvile* at home you durſt not talk thus, you ſcandalous fellow.

Malag. Goodvile you ſay——hark you my Dear, were he here in perſon, I would firſt of all decently kick him out of doors, then turn up thy Keel and diſcover here to thy Kinſman what a leaky Veſſel thou art?

Sir *Nob.* Why, what is that *Goodvile?* will he Wreſtle? or will he box for 50 *l.* Look you, this fellow is my Pimp. 'Tis true his Countenance is none of the beſt: but he's a neat Lad and keeps good Company.

Malag. Hark you *Knight!* you'll beare me out in this Buſineſs *Knight?* For under the Roſe I have apprehenſion, that this Carcaſe of mine may ſuffer elſe.

Sir *Nob.* No more of that Rogue! no more. Take notice good people, this Civil Perſon ſhall marry my Siſter; ſhe is a pretty hopefull Lady—— Truly ſhe is not full thirteen —— but ſhe has had two Children already; Odd's heart.

Vict. Ridiculous Oaff!

Sir *Nob.* Come, let us talk Baudy.

Vict. I'll call thoſe ſhall talk with you preſently. [*Ex. Vict.*

Sir *Nob.* Wheugh—— ſhe's gone.

L. *Squ.* Beaſt! Bruit! Barbarian! Sot!

Sir *Nob.* Oh law! my Aunt! what have I done now? Madam, as I hope to be— } *Runs againſt her and almoſt beats her backward.*

L. *Squ.* Oh help! I am murdered! oh my Head!

Sir *Nob.* Nay Lady that was no fault of mine: you ſhall ſee I'll keep my diſtance, and (as I was ſaying) if I have offended—— } *Reels againſt a Table and throws down a China Jarr, and ſeverall little China Diſhes.*

L. *Squ.* Oh inſufferable! quickly, quickly, a Porter and Basket to carry out this Swine to a Dunghill.

Sir *Nob.* Look you Madam, no harm! no harm! you ſhall ſee me behave

have my ſelf notably yet——as for example——ſuppoſe now——ſuppoſe this the Door. [*Goes to the Door.*

Very well; thus then I move.—— {*Steps forwards and leaves his Peruke on one of the Hinges.*

Hah, who was that? Rogues! Dogs! Sons of Whores!

Enter Servants.

1. *Serv.* Such as we are Sir, you ſhall find us at your ſervice.

Sir *Nob.* Murder, murder, murder.——

Malag. Where there is ſuch odds, a man may with Honour retire and ſteal off. [*Exit* Malag.

Enter Caper *and* Saunter.

Cap. Where is this Raſcall? this Coxcomb? this Fop? how dare you come hither Sir, to affront Ladies and Perſons of Quality?

Sir *Nob.* Sir, your humble ſervant: did you ſee my Perriwig?

Cap. Sir, you are an Aſs; and never wore Perriwig in your life: Jernie what a Buſh of Bryars and Thorns is here? The Main of my Lady *Squeamiſh*'s Shock is a Chedreux to it.

Sir *Nob.* Why, Sir, I know who made it. He was an honeſt fellow and a Barber, and one that lov'd Muſick and Poetry.

Saunt. How Sir!

Cap. But, Sir, come cloſe to the buſineſs: how durſt you treat Ladies ſo rudely as we ſaw you but now? Anſwer to that, and tell not us of Muſick and Poetry.

Sir *Nob.* Why, he had all *Weſtminſter* Drollery and *Oxford* Jeſts at his Fingers ends. And for the Cittern, if ever *Troy* Town were a Tune, he maſter'd it upon that Inſtrument, when he was our Butler in the Country: an old Maid of my Grandmothers took great delight in him for it.

Saunt. But, Sir, this is nothing to our Buſineſs.

Sir *Nob.* Buſineſs! hang Buſineſs! I hate a Man of Buſineſs: If you'll drink or Whore, break Windows, or commit murther, I am for you.

Cap. Sir, will you fight?

Sir *Nob.* Fight! with whom? for what?

Cap. With me.

Saunt. With me.

Sir *Nob.* Ay Sir, with all my heart; I love fighting Sir.

Saunt. But will you Sir? dare you?

Cap. Ay Sir, will you fight? do you think you dare fight?

Sir *Nob.* Why, you ſweet perfum'd Jeſſumine-Knaves! you Rogues in Buckram! were there a Dozen of you I'd beat you out of your Artificiall Sweetneſs into your own naturall Rankneſs; you Stinkards! ſhall I draw my *Cerberus* and cut you off you Gaudy Popinjaies?

Cap. This Fellow's mad, *Saunter!* ſtark mad by *Jericо:* Dear *Knight*, how long haſt thou been in this pickle? this Condition, *Knight?* hah?

Sir *Nob.* What Pickle? what Condition, you Worms?

Saunt. Ay, ay, 'tis ſo, the poor Devil muſt to *Bedlam: Bedlam*, Knight, the Mad-man's Hoſpitall.

Sir *Nob.* What will become of you then you Vermin? There's never a Hoſpitall for Fools yet; Mercy on me if there were! how many handſome Fellows in this Town might be provided for? *Fiddles play within.*

Cap. Hey day! Fiddles!

Saunt. Madam *Goodvile* hearing we were here, hath ſent for 'em on purpoſe to regale us.

Enter Mrs. Goodvile, *Lady* Squeamiſh *with the Fiddles playing*, Saunter *falls to ſing the Tune with 'em, and* Caper *Dances to it.* Lettice.

Mrs. *Goodv.* Let my Servants take care that all the Doors ſtand open: I'll have entrance deny'd to no one Fool in Town. Mr. *Caper* and Mr. *Saunter* here? then we can never want Company. Come, Madam, let us begin the Revells of the day; I long to enjoy the Freedome I am Miſtreſs of. *Lettice*, try your Vow.

L. *Squ.* Oh Madam! this gallant Spirit raviſhes me. Dear Mr. *Caper*, you and Mr. *Saunter* were born to be happy! Madam *Goodvile* has reſolv'd to Sacrifice this Day to pleaſure——what ſhall we do with our ſelves?

Cap. Do Madam? We'll dance for ever.

L. *Squ.* Oh ay Dance.

Saunt. And Sing.

L. *Squ.* And Sing.

Both. And Love.

L. *Squ.* Oh ay Love! but Madam *Goodvile*, have you reſolved to wear the Willow, and be very Melancholy —— ha, ha, ha——Fiddles! where are you? I cannot endure you out of my ſight.

Mrs. *Goodv.* Willow! hang it, give it to Country Girles that ſigh for Clowns; and Melancholy is a Diſeaſe for Bank-rupt Beauty: I have yet a ſtock of Youth and Charmes, unfully'd by the hands of Age or Care,

And whilſt that laſts what Woman would deſpair?

Sir *Nob.* In the mean time I'll ſcout out for a Doxy of my acquaintance hard by, return in Triumph, and let *Victoria* go hang and deſpair.

Sings.

To love is a pleaſure Divine,
Yet I'll never ſigh or be ſad,
They are Cuxbombs that languiſh and pine,
So long as Whores are to be had. ——*Tu daroll, darolda.*

L. *Squ.*

L. *Squ.* Oh ſecure that deform'd Monſter, that Rebell of mine: fellowes take care of him and keep him up till I talk with him, and make him ſenſible of his Enormities.

Sir *Nob.* Slaves! Avaunt! if my Lady will have it ſo, I'll walk ſoberly into the Garden and conſider of what is paſt. [*To love is a pleaſure*, &c

[*Ex. Sir* Noble.

Mrs. *Goodv. Lettice!*

Lett. Madam.

Mrs. *Goodv.* Is Mr. *Truman* come?

Lett. He'll be here preſently Madam.

Enter Page *with a Letter.*

Page. A Letter for your Ladiſhip.

Mrs. *Good.* Who brought it?

Page. A Porter brought it to the door Madam: but ſaid, he had no orders to ſtay for an anſwer. [*Ex.* Page.

Mrs. *Goodv.* A Womans hand!

Reads. *Mr.* Goodvil's *Journy out of Town is but a pretence: He is jealous of you and Mr.* Truman, *you will find him anon return'd in hopes to ſurprize you together. Though he has truſted me with the ſecret, and oblig'd me to aſſiſt him in it: yet I would endeavour by this diſcovery to perſwade you that I am your real Servant,*

Victoria.

Poſtſcript,

Beware of *Malagene*, for he's appointed the Spy to betray you. This is generouſly done, *Victoria*, and I'l ſtudy to deſerve it of Thee: Now if I plague not this wiſe jealous Husband of mine, let all Wives curſe me, and Cuckolds laugh at me! Fiddles! lead in! Mr. *Caper* and Mr. *Saunter* pray wait on my Lady, and entertain her a little: I'l follow you preſently.

L. *Squ.* Come Mr. *Caper*, will you walk?

Cap. A Coranto Madam?

L. *Squ.* Ay ten thouſand ten thouſand, Mr. *Saunter*, I would be always near you Two! Oh for a Grove now, and a purling Brook with that delightful charming voice of yours: Come! let us walk and ſtudy which way to divert our Selves.

Cap. Allons! for Love and Pleaſure: By theſe Hands ——

Saunt. By thoſe Eyes ——

L. *Squ.* Oh no more! no more, I ſhall be loſt in happineſs!

[*Exeunt.*

Mrs. *Goodv.* So: this Conſort of Fools ſhall be the Chorus to my Farce: Now all the Malice, Ill-nature, Falſhood and Hypocriſie of my Sex inſpire me. *Lettice!* ſee *Camilla* be ſent for inſtantly, ſhe ſhall join with

me in my Revenge, ſhe has Reaſon; Mr. *Valentine* I ſuppoſe will be here with Mr. *Truman*.

Enter Mr. Truman.

Trum. And think you Madam, he durſt not anſwer a fair Ladies Challenge without a Second?

Mrs. *Goodv.* You would pretend I'l warrant you to be very ſtout. Your Hectors in Love are as arrant Cheats as Hectors in fighting, that bluſter, rant, and make a noiſe for the preſent; but when they come to the Buſ'neſs, prove errant Daſtards, and good for nothing.

Trum. But Madam you ſhould find I dare do ſomething, would you but be civil and ſtand your ground.

Mrs. *Goodv.* What think you though of a Cut-throat Husband now behind the hangings? what would become of you then?

Trum. Whilſt I have ſuch Beauty on my ſide, nothing can hurt me.

Mrs. *Goodv.* Then Sir prepare your ſelf, Mr. *Goodvil* is really jealous and miſtruſts all or more then has paſt between us. His Journey out of Town was but a pretence, but we ſhall ſee him inſtantly in expectation to catch us together.

Trum. Fear him not Madam, theſe Moles that work under ground are as blind as they are buſie: Let him run on in his dull Jealouſie, whilſt we ſtill find new windings out, and loſe him in the Maze.

Mrs. *Goodv.* Then if you wiſh to preſerve me yours, join with me to Day in my deſign, which is, if poſſible, to make him Mad, work him up to the height of furious ſuſpicion, and at that moment when he thinks his jealouſie moſt juſt, baffle him out of it: And let the World know how dull a Tool a Husband is, compar'd with that triumphant thing a VVife, and her Guardian Angel Lover.

Trum. But Mr. *Goodvil*, Madam, has VVit, and ſo good an opinion of it too.

Mrs. *Goodv.* 'Tis that ſhall be his ruin; were he a Fool he were not worth the trouble of deceiving.

Trum. Dear Jewel of my Soul, proceed then and proſper. But what muſt be my part?

Mrs. *Goodv.* To ſecure *Malagente*. That ill-natur'd Villain has betray'd us, and is appointed by *Goodvil* chief Inſtrument in the Diſcovery: He has Cowardize enough to ſell his Soul to buy off a Beating: He never told truth enough to be believ'd once ſo long as he lives. Get him but in your power, and he ſhall own more Villanies then ever were in his Thoughts to commit, or the neceſſity of our affair can invent to put upon him.

Trum. And I'l be ſure of him, or may I never taſte thoſe lips again, but be condemn'd to caſt Miſtreſſes in the ſide-box at the Play-houſe, or what is worſe, take up with a Semptreſs, and drudge for Cuffs and Crevats.

Enter

Enter Malagene.

Mrs. *Goodv.* Here he comes!

Trum. Oh Monſieur *Malagene* welcome!

Mal. *Jack Truman* your humble Servant.

Trum. Whither ſo faſt I beſeech you Sir! a word with you, a word with you.

Mal. Why! can I do any thing for Thee? Haſt thou any Buſineſs for me? Prithee what is it?

Trum. Sir! You muſt lie for me.

Mal. Ha, ha, ha. Is that all?

Trum. Nay Sir you muſt!

Mal. Any thing in a civil way or ſo *Jack!* but nothing upon Compulſion Lad! Prithee, let me do nothing upon Compulſion, prithee now!

Trtm. Then Sir to be brief, this is the Buſineſs! *Goodvil* I hear has been informed by you of what paſt in the Garden laſt night, how durſt you be ſo Impudent as to pry into my Secrets, where I was concern'd?

Mal. Why look you *Jack*, Curioſity you know! and a natural Inclination which I have ——

Trum. To Pimping.

Mal. Confound me *Jack* thou art much in the right: I believe thou art a Witch. I knew as well man ——

Trum. What did you know?

Mal. Why I knew thee to be an arch Wagg and an honeſt Fellow! Ah Rogue prithee kiſs me! the Rogue's out of humour.

Trum. No Sir! I dare not uſe you ſo like a Friend, you muſt deſerve it better firſt.

Mal. Look you *Jack*, the truth of the Buſineſs is, I am beſpoke: But the Love I have to ſee the bus'neſs go forward, may perſwade me to much.

Trum. Then preſently reſolve entirely to diſown and abjure all the Intelligence you gave *Goodvil* or promiſe to your ſelf that where ever next I meet you, I'l cut your Throat upon the ſpot.

Mal. But hark you *Jack*, how ſhall I come off with the buſineſs? I ſhall be kickt and us'd very ſcurvily: For the truth is, I did tell ——

Trum. What did you tell?

Mal. VVhy I told him you Knave. I won't tell! you little cunning Curr, I told him all man!

Trum. All Sir!

Mal. Ay hang me like a Dogg, all. But Madam you muſt pardon me, there was not a word of it true.

Trum. And what do you think to do with your ſelf?

Mal. Do? why I'l deny it all again man, every word of it, as Impudently as ever I at firſt affirm'd it: May be he'l kick me, and beat me, and uſe me like a Dog man — That's nothing, nothing at all, Man, I do not value it this! [*Pulls out a Jews Trump and plays.*

Trum.

Trum. And this Sir, you'l ſtand to.

Mal. If I do not, hang me up for a Sign at a Bawdy-houſe-door: in the mean time I'l retire and peruſe a young Lampoon, which I am lately the happy Father of.

Trum. Nay Sir! you are not to ſtir from me!

Enter Lettice.

Lettice. Oh Madam! ſhift for your ſelf. Madam *Victoria* ſent me to tell you that my Maſter is return'd, and that he pretends to come as a Maſquerader.

Mal. VVell! ſince it muſt be ſo, I'l deny all indeed! what an excellent Fellow might I have been? Some men now with my ſtock of honeſty, and a little more gravity, would have made a Fortune. VVell: I have been a lazy Rogue; and never knew till now that I was fit for Bus'neſs.

Mrs. *Goodv.* Mr. *Goodvil* in Maſquerade ſay you?

Lettice. Yes Madam, and two VVomen with him, Madam, they are juſt now alighted.

Mrs. *Goodv.* VVomen with him! nay then he comes triumphantly indeed. Mr. *Truman*, do you retire with *Malagene*. I'l ſtay here and receive this *Machiavel* in diſguiſe. Now, once more let me invoke all the Arts of affectation, all the Revenge, the counterfeit Paſſions, pretended Love, pretended Jealouſie, pretended Rage, and in ſum the very Genius of my Sex to my aſſiſtance. [*Enter* Goodvil *and others Maſqued.* So! here they come: Now this throw for all my future Peace. Who waits there? [*Enter Servants.*

Goodv. Madam! you'l excuſe this freedome.

Mrs. *Goodv.* You oblige me by uſing it: Let all the Company know that theſe Noble Perſons of Quality have honoured me with their Preſence: Let the Fiddles be ready, and ſee the Banquet prepar'd; and let Mr. *Truman* come to me inſtantly, I cannot live a minute, a moment without him.

Goodv. Delicate Devil!

Mrs. *Goodv.* Sir! let me beg your patience for a moment, whilſt I go and put things in Order fit for your reception. [*Ex. L.* Goodvile.

Goodv. Footmen! take care that the Engines which I have ordered be ready when I call for 'em. *Truman*, I ſee, is a man of punctual aſſignation; and my VVife is a Perſon very adroit at theſe matters; ſome hot-brain'd, Horn-mad Cuckold now would be for cutting of Throats; but I am reſolved to turn a Civil, Sober, diſcreet Perſon, and hate blood-ſhed: No: I'l manage the matter ſo temperately that I'l catch her in his very Arms, then civilly Diſcard her, Bagg and Baggage, whilſt you my dainty Doxies take poſſeſſion of her Priviledges, and enter the Territories with Colours flying.

1. *Wom.* And ſhall I keep my Coach, Mr. *Goodvile?*

Goodv.

Goodv. Ay and Six, my lovely Rampant. Nay, thou ſhalt every morning ſwoop the Exchange in Triumph to ſee what gawdy Bawble thou canſt firſt grow fond of: And after Noon at the Theatre exalted in a Box, give Audience to ev'ry trim amorous twiring Fop of the Corner, that comes thither to make a noiſe, hear no Play, and ſhow himſelf; thou ſhalt, my *Bona Roba.*

2. *Wom.* But Mr. *Goodvile*, what ſhall I do then?

Goodv. Oh! thou! Thou ſhalt be my more peculiar Punk, my Houſekeeper, my Neceſſary Sin; manage all th' affairs of my Eſtate and Family, Ride up and down in my own Coach attended by my own Footmen; Noſe my VVife where ere you meet, and if I had any, breed my Children. Oh what a delicious Life will this be!

1. *Wom.* Hear you Sir; the Fiddles? [*Fiddles without.*

Goodv. Oh the Proceſſion's coming, put on your Viſors and obſerve the Ceremony.

Enter Truman, *Mrs.* Goodvile, Caper, Saunter, *L.* Squeamiſh, Camilla, *with Fiddles, a Letter.*

Mrs. *Goodv.* Mr. *Caper*, Mr. *Saunter*, you are the Life and Soul of all good Company, command me any thing, command my Houſe, that, and all freedome are yours.

Cap. Maſques, my Life, my Joy, my Top of Happineſs! Sir your humble Servant, by your leave, Madam ſhall you and I tooſe and tumble together in the drawing room hard by for half an hour or ſo? Hah? [*Cuts.*

Saunt. Fa toldara, toldara, &c. Ah Madam what do you wear a Maſque for? Have you never a Noſe, or but one Eye? Let me ſee how you are furniſhed?

2. *Wom.* Sir, if I want any thing 'tis to be doubted you cannot ſupply me.

Goodv. So! ſure, this muſt come to ſomething anon!

Mrs. *Goodv.* Ah were but Mr. *Goodvile* here now, what a happy Day might this be! But he is Melancholy and Forlorn in the Country, ſummoning in his Tenants and their Rents, that ſhining Pelf that muſt ſupport me in my pleaſures.

Goodv. Is he then Madam ſo kind a Husband?

Mrs. *Goodv.* Oh the moſt indulgent Creature in the VVorld! what Huſband but He, Mr. *Truman*, would have ſo ſeaſonably withdrawn and left me Mrs. of ſuch Freedome? To ſpend my Days in Triumph as I do, to Sacrifice my Self, my Soul, and all my Senſe to you, the Lord of all my Joys, my Conqueror and Protector?

Cam. Heav'ns Madam you'l provoke him beyond all patience.

Mrs. *Goodv.* Who Mr. *Goodvil!* which way ſhall it reach his knowledge? no, we'l be as ſecret ——

Trum. As we are happy. So ſubtily lay the Scene of all our Joys, that Envy or Malice, nay the very Husband himſelf and *Malagen.* to boot, well hired to the Buſineſs, ſhall ne'r diſcover us. Mrs. *Goodv.*

Mrs. *Goodv.* Oh diſcover us! a Husband diſcover us! were he indeed as jealous as he has reaſon, I could no more apprehend diſcovery then a kindneſs from him.

Goodv. This impudence is ſo rank, that I can hold no longer. Say you ſo Madam? [*He unmasks.*

Mrs. *Goodv.* Oh a Ghoſt! a Ghoſt! ſave me, ſave me. Mr. *Truman*, ſee ſee Mr. *Goodvil*'s Spirit? ſure ſome baſe Villain has murder'd him, and his angry Ghoſt is come to revenge it on me.

Goodv. No Madam, fear nothing. I am a very harmleſs Goblin, though you are a little ſhockt at the ſight of me.

Cap. Ha, ha, ha, *Goodvile* return'd? Dear *Frank!*

Saint. Honeſt *Goodvile*, thou ſeeſt dear Soul we are free here in thy abſence.

Goodv. I ſee you are Gentlemen, and ſhall take an opportunity to return the Favour. *Footmen* be ready.

Mrs. *Goodv.* But is it really Mr. *Goodvile* then? let me receive him to my Armes; welcome ten thouſand, thouſand, thouſand times. Dear Sir, how does my Picture in the Gallery do?

Goodv. Oh Madam, it lookt ſo very charmingly, that I had no power to ſtay longer from the Dear Loving Originall.

Mrs. *Goodv.* So, now begins the Battle.

Goodv. Well Madam, and for your Sett of Fools here: to what end and purpoſe have you decreed them in this new Modell of your Family? I I hope you have not deſign'd 'em for your own Uſe?

Mrs. *Goodv.* Why Sir, methinks you ſhould not grudge me a Coxcomb or two to paſs away the time withall, ſince you had taken your Dearer Converſation from me.

Goodv. No Madam, I underſtand your Diet better: a Fool is too ſquobb and tender a Bit for your fierce Appetite: you are for a Subſtantiall Diſh, a man of Heat and Honour, ſuch as Mr. *Truman* I know is, and I doubt not will do me reaſon.

Trum. Ay Sir, when ever you'll demand it.

Mrs. *Goodv.* Nay Sirs, no quarrelling I beſeech you, what would you be at Sir?

Goodv. At reſt Madam, like an honeſt Snail ſhrink up my horns into my Shell, and if poſſible hold a quiet poſſeſſion of it.

Mrs. *Goodv.* I hope I have done nothing that may diſturb your quiet Sir.

Goodv. Nothing Madam, nothing in the leaſt; how is it poſſible that any thing ſhould diſturbe me! a Sot, a Beetle, a Droan of a Husband, a meer Utenſil, a Block for you to faſhion all your falſehood on, whilſt I muſt ſtill be ſtupid, bear my office and never be diſturb'd, I.

Mrs. *Goodv.* So, now your Heart is opening; and for your eaſe I'll give it a little vent my ſelf: you are jealous, alas jealous of *Truman*, are you?

Goodv. And I have no reaſon Madam, though I come and catch you in his Arms, rowling and throwing your Wanton Eyes like Fire-balls at his Heart;

Heart; oh what an Indulgent Creature's Mr. *Goodvile!* ſo ſeaſonably to withdraw and leave you Miſtreſs of ſuch Freedom: To ſpend your Days in Triumph as you do, to ſacrifice your ſelf, your Soul and Senſe to him, the Lord of all your Joyes, your Conqueror and Protector.

Mrs. *Goodv.* I am glad to find my Plot ſo well ſucceed: I knew of your Jealouſy laſt night, knew too your journey out of Town was but a pretence in hope to return and ſurprize me with *Truman.* I was inform'd too of your return but now, and your diſguiſe I knew you through it ſo ſoon as I ſaw you, and therefore I acted all that Fondneſs to *Truman* before your face. It was all the revenge I had within my power.

Goodv. Can you deny your being with *Truman* in the Garden laſt night? were you not there ſo openly, that even the broad Eyes of Fools might ſee?

Mrs. *Goodv.* What Fool? what Villain have you dares accuſe me?

Goodv. One, who though he rarely told truth before, will be ſure to do it now; *Malagene* your Kinſ-man, *Malagene*, a hopefull Branch of your own ſtock.

Trum. The Raſcall dares not own it.

Goodv. But he ſhall Sir, though you protect him.

Trum. 'Twas baſely done to ſet a Spy upon your Friend, after the trick you had plaid me with *Victoria.*

Goodv. Baſely done!

Trum. Yes, baſely Sir.

Goodv. Death, you lye Sir! why do I trifle thus when I have a Sword by my Side?

Cap. Nay, look you *Frank!* you had better be patient. Here ſhall be nothing done, therefore pray put up.

Enter Valentine.

Val. What again quarrelling? *Goodvile*, this muſt not be, *Truman* is my Friend, and if he has done you wrong, I'll engage, ſhall make you ſatisfaction.

Saunt. Ay, ay, prithee man, take ſome other time and don't quarrell now and ſpoil good Company.

Goodv. Death! you dancing, talking, metled, friſking Rogues ſtand off! oh I had forgot—*Footmen*, where are ye?

Enter Footmen.

Here, take away theſe Butterflies, and do ſpeedy execution upon 'em as I order'd, do it inſtantly. [*They ſeize 'em.*

Cap. Nay *Frank!* what's all this for?

Saunt. Nay *Goodvile*, prithee, now as I hope to live.

Enter Malagene.

Goodv. Away with 'em——— [*Ex. with* Cap. *and* Saunter. Now for *Malagene*—— Oh, here he comes Madam, who will refreſh your Memory! Speak Sir, as you tender Life and Limb, whom did you ſee together in the Garden laſt night?

Malag. Ha! ——no body!

Goodv. Were not *Truman* and my Wife there to your knowledge privately?

Malag. Ha, ha, ha——Child! no.

Goodv. Did you not tell me that you overheard 'em whiſpering in the *Grotto* together?

Malag. No.

Goodv. Hell and Devils! this fellow has been tamper'd withall and inſtructed to abuſe me. This is all Contrivance, a ſtudy'd Scene to fool me of my Reaſon.

Enter Foot-men.

Here, take him hence and harneſs him with the other two, till he confeſs the Truth.

Mrs. *Goodv.* He ſhall not go, touch him who dares: muſt People then be forc'd and tortur'd to accuſe me falſely? Ah Mr. *Goodvile*, how have I deſerv'd this at your hands? let not my good name be raviſh'd from me, if you have reſolv'd to break my Heart, kill me now quickly and put me out of pain.——— [Malag. *runs away.*

Goodv. Nay Madam, here is that ſhall yet convince——ſee here a Letter from your Lover left for you in a private Corner, hear me read it. And if you have modeſty enough left, bluſh.

Reads. *If* Goodvile *goes out of Town this morning, let me know of it that I may wait on you and tell you the reſt of my Heart. For you do not know how much I love you yet,*

Truman.

Mrs. *Goodv.* Death and deſtruction! it was all my own Contrivance, maddened with your jealouſy, I ſought all ways to vex you. I counterfeited it with my own Hand, and left it in a place where you might be ſure to find it. To convince you farther, ſee here a Caution ſent me juſt before by one whom you have truſted and loved too much for my quiet: peruſe it and when you have done, conſider how you have uſed me and how I have deſerv'd it, Oh. [*Gives* Victoria's *Letter.*

Goodv.

Goodvile *Reads.*

Journy out of Town —— is a pretence, —— return and ſurprize —— believe by this diſcovery —— Your Servant Victoria.

Victoria, has ſhe betray'd me? nay then, I pronounce there is no Truſt nor Faith in the Sex. By Heav'n in every condition they are all Jilts, all falſe from the Bawd to the Babe.

Mrs. *Goodv.* Now Sir, I hope I may withdraw; from this minute never expect I'll ſee your Face again: no, I'll leave you to be happy at your own choice. Love where you pleaſe, and be as free as if I ne'r had had relation to you. I ſhall take care to trouble you no more, but wiſh you may be happier then ever yet I made you.

Goodv. Stay Madam.

Mrs. *Goodv.* No Sir, I'll be gone, I will not ſtay a moment longer; Inhuman, Cruel, falſe Traitor! wer't thou now languiſhing on thy Knees, proſtrate at my Feet, ready to grow mad with thy own guilt, I would not ſtop nor turn my Face to ſave thee from Deſpair.

Goodv. You ſhall.

Mrs. *Goodv.* For what?

Goodv. To let the World ſee how much a Fool I can be: art thou Innocent?

Mrs. *Goodv.* By my Love I am, I never wrong'd you; but you have undone me, ruin'd my Fame and Quiet. What Mouth will not be full of my diſhonour? Henceforth let all my Sex remember me when they'd upbraid Mankind for baſeneſs: oh that I could diſſemble longer with you, that I might to your Torment perſwade you ſtill all your Jealouſies were juſt, and I as Infamous as you are cruel. [*Ex. in a rage.*

Goodv. Get thee in then and talk to me no more, there's ſomething in thy Face will make a Fool of me, and there's a Devil in this Buſineſs, which yet I cannot diſcover. *Truman*, if thou haſt enjoyed her, I beg thee keep it cloſe, and if it be poſſible let us yet be friends.

Trum. 'Tis not my fault if we be Foes.

Goodv. But now to my Fools, bring 'em forth and let us ſee how their new Equipage becomes 'em. Oh Dear *Valentine!* how does the fair *Camilla?*

Val. Faith Sir, ſhe and I have been diſpatching a trifling affair this morning, commonly call'd Matrimony.

Goodv. Marry'd! nay, then there is ſome comfort yet, that thou art fallen into the ſnare —— *Valentine!* look to her, keep her as ſecret as thou wou'dſt a Murder, had'ſt thou committed one: truſt her not with thy deareſt Friend, She has Beauty enough to corrupt him.

Enter Caper *and* Saunter, *their Hands ty'd behind 'em, Fools Caps on their Heads.* Caper *with one Leg ty'd up, and* Saunter *Gagg'd.*

See here theſe Rogues how like themſelves they look. Now, you paultry Vermin, you Rats that run ſqueaking from Houſe to Houſe, up and down the Town; that no man can eat his Bread in quiet for you. Take warning of what you feel, and come not near theſe Doors again on perill of hanging. Here, diſcharge them of their puniſhment, and ſee 'em forth the Gates.

Enter Lady Squeamiſh, *Sir* Noble, *and* Victoria.

L. *Squ.* Oh Gallants your humble Servant. Dear Mr. *Goodvile* be pleas'd to give my Kinſman Sir *Noble*, Joy: He has done himſelf the Honour to marry your Couſin *Victoria*, whom now I muſt be proud to call my Relation, ſince ſhe has accepted of the Title of my Lady *Clumſey*.

Sir. *Nob.* Ay Sir, I am Marry'd, and will be drunk again too before Night as ſimply as I ſtand here.

Goodv. Sir *Noble* marry'd? to *Victoria* too? nay then in ſpight of Misfortunes——

This Day ſhall be a Day of Jubilee. But firſt
Good People all that my ſad Fortune ſee,
I beg you to take warning here by me;
Marriage and hanging go by Deſtinie.
Eſpecially you gay Young marry'd Blades,
Beware and keep your Wives from Balls and Maſquerades.

[Ex. omnes.

FINIS.

THE EPILOGUE,

Spoken by Mrs. *Barrey*.

WELL Sirs, if now my Spouſe and I ſhoud part,
To which kind Critique ſhall I give my heart?
Stay, let me look, not one in all the place
But has a ſcurvey froward damming Face.
Have you reſolv'd then on the Poets fall?
Go ye're ill-natur'd, ugly Devils all.
The Marry'd Sparks I know this Play will curſe
For the Wifes ſake, but ſome of 'em have worſe.
Poets themſelves their own ill luck have wrought,
You ne're had learnt, had not their quarrels taught.
But as in the diſturbance of a State,
Each factious Maggot thinks of growing great:
So when the Poets firſt had jarring fits,
You all ſet up for Critiques, and for Wits:
Then ſtraight there came, which coſt you Mothers pains,
Songs and Lampoons in Litters from your brains:
Libels like ſpurious Brats run up and down,
Which their dull Parents were aſham'd to own;
But vented 'em in others names, like Whores
That lay their Baſtards down at honeſt Doors.
For ſhame leave off this higling way of Wit,
Railing abroad, and roaring in the Pit.
Let Poets live in peace, in quiet write,
Elſe may they all to puniſh you unite;
Join in one Force, to ſtudy to abuſe ye,
And teach your Wives and Miſſes how to uſe you.

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